



Gc  
929.2  
Ed9511e  
1919098

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL  
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01237 6882

m







GENEALOGY

BRIEF HISTORY AND GENEALOGY  
OF  
DAVID EDWARDS and JANE ANDERS

COLLECTED BY W. R. EDWARDS  
ASSISTED BY HIS WIFE, FAY GANN EDWARDS

THIS STORY IS WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR OUR  
GRANDCHILDREN:

JUDY SUE AND JIMMIE BOB WEBSTER;  
RONALD RALPH AND JANNENE FAY BEAMAN; AND  
BOBBY EUGENE AND BILL GANN EDWARDS

I am remembering this year, 1948, as the centennial of our family's coming to Benton County. Grandfather, Bryant Higging came from North Carolina in the Fall of 1848 and grandfather Edwards came in the Fall of 1859.

W. R. EDWARDS  
HIWASSE, ARKANSAS.  
DICKSON TOWNSHIP.

*Public Library*

AUG 1 1959

*Dallas, Texas*





1919098

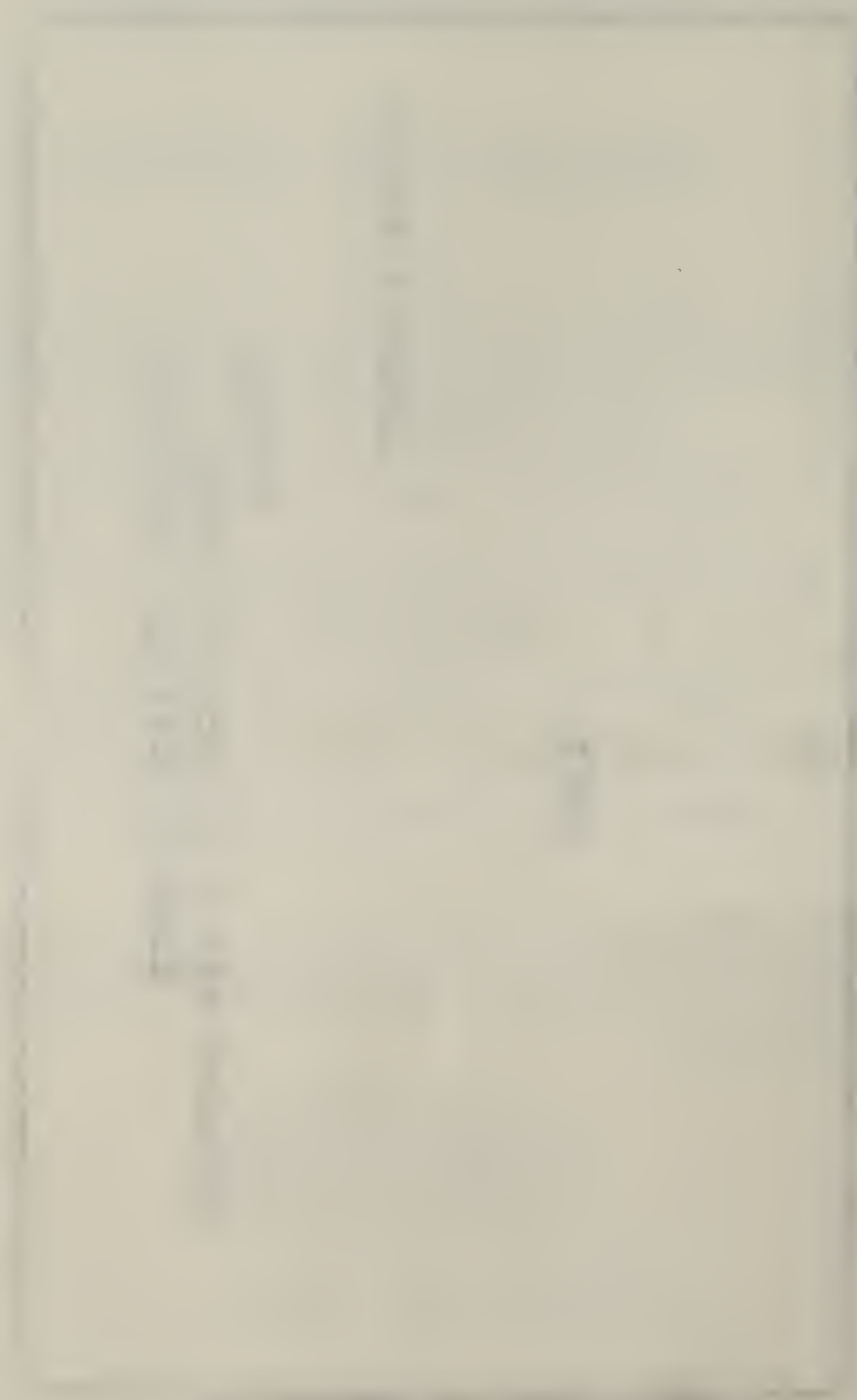
Turners, William Robert  
and History & David Edwards  
Family

Deiles Library

1948

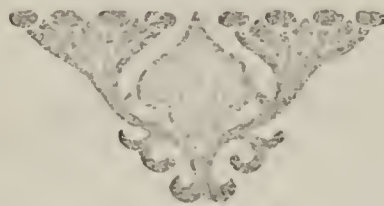
2190-00-01

SECRET



---

A BRIEF HISTORY OF  
David Edwards Family



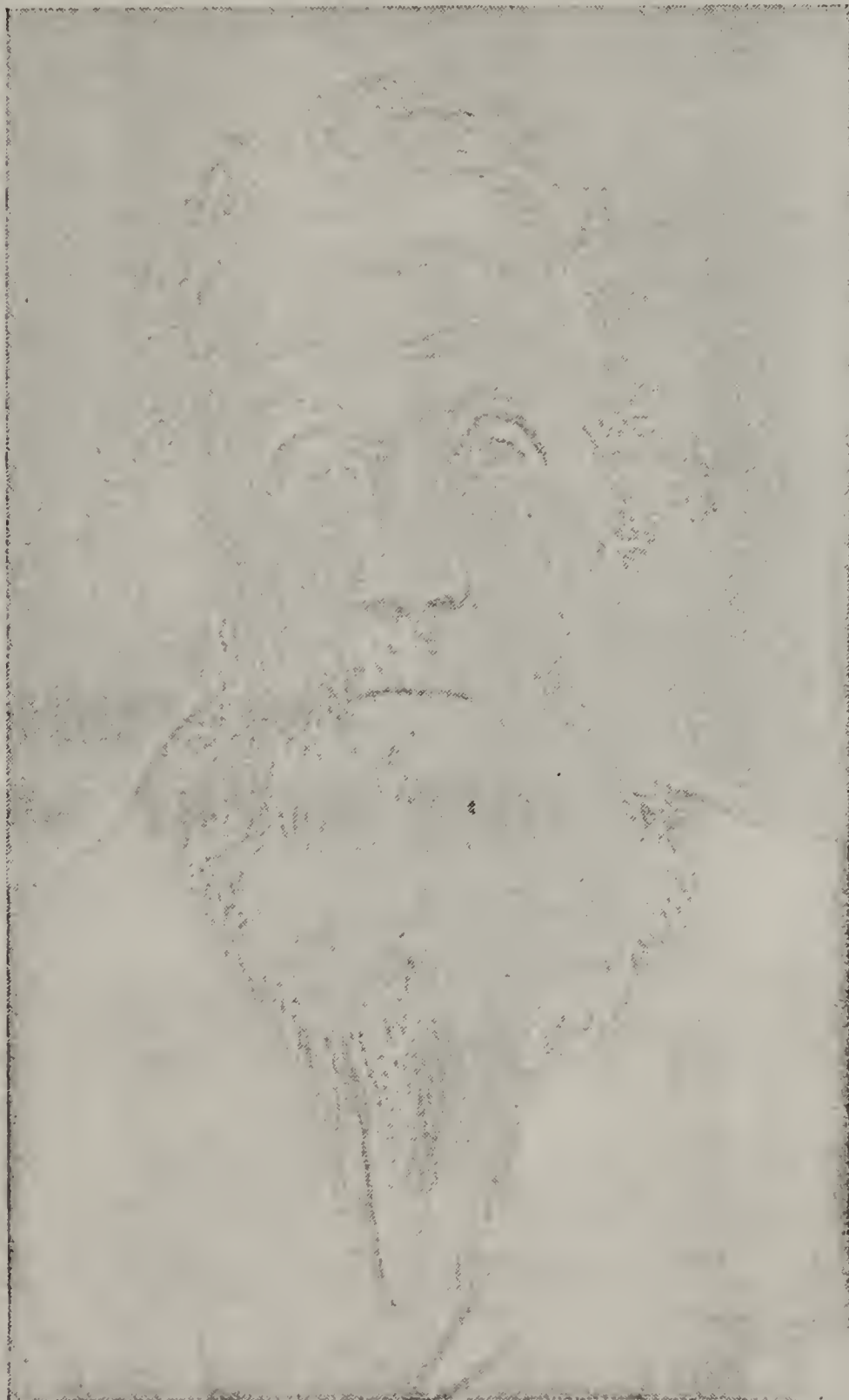
WRITTEN BY  
W. R. EDWARDS  
HIWASSE, ARKANSAS

1948

---



R929.2  
E26e



DAVID EDWARDS

69037358 I 13







WILLIAM AND MARTHA SUSAN EDWARDS





## INTRODUCTION

I have finished a much cherished but long delayed task of preparing for publication my recollections of the Edwards and Higgins families. The material has been gathered over a period of several years, beginning during the lifetime of my grandfather, David Edwards.

I wrote most of this story several years ago, but reading it over at leisure, I decided it was not worth publishing and laid it aside. Later, however, as I saw the older generations pass away, I realized that there are few, if any, living now who were here when my grandfather came to Benton County in November 1859, and certainly no one who could tell the story of the coming of my grandfather Bryant Higgins and his settling in Benton County in 1848. I began to wonder who would tell my grandchildren and others interested the early life of the Edwards and Higgins families. This led me to take up the story and finish writing it.

For the information found in this family history, I am indebted to grandfather David Edwards, my father, William Edwards, Uncle Richard Edwards, my brothers Shade and Frank Edwards and my cousin James A. Calhoun. My mother, Susan Edwards, gave me much of the information about "Squally Days in Benton County." Tilda Edwards Seamster assisted me in gathering information regarding the Richard Edwards family. I wish to thank all those who assisted me, for without their cooperation this family history could not have been undertaken.

There has been for many years a friendly dispute among some of the Higginses and the Haginses about the correct spelling and pronunciation of the family name, but for convenience I am using the name Higgins in my story with apologies to uncle Charlie H. Hagins who thinks the name should be spelled Hagins. No doubt there are some things recorded here which are erroneous; other events related will be of little interest to the younger generations; and some things will be included perhaps which should not have been dragged from the musty chambers of the past. These happenings, however, were once matters of great importance in our family, and I think they should be retained as part of our family history.

There are many reasons for errors in this report, but I hope they will be overlooked by the present and future generations, and that they will remember I have done the best I could, with the information at hand, to keep the past alive for them.

I have made a more complete report of the William Edwards family—especially my own branch—because I had more information on it at hand. I should have been pleased to give a more complete report of each family if sufficient information could have been obtained.





## DAVID EDWARDS FAMILY

David Edwards was born in Ash County, North Carolina November 25, 1816 and died at the home of his son, Richard Edwards, near Hiwasse, Feb. 1, 1911 at the age of 94 years, 2 months, and 7 days. He was converted and joined the Little River Baptist church in North Carolina and spent nearly three-quarters of a century in the service of his Master. He was married to Jane Anders Dec. 10, 1835 and to this union eleven children were born.

Jane Anders was born in Orange County, North Carolina January 15, 1813 and died at their old home near Mt. Pleasant, Nov. 4, 1898, at the age of 85 years, 9 months and 19 days. She was of a Pennsylvania Dutch family.

I give below the names of their children and grand children as best I was able to find, in the order of their births:

A—John Edwards—August 25, 1836—Dec. , 1887. He was married to Vina Reed. Their children were:

Deloit Edwards, Cora Belle Edwards Rowe, Glen Edwards, Bessie Edwards Allen, and Fanny Edwards..... Bessie and Fanny are the only ones living.

B. William Edwards—May 3, 1838—Jan. 25, 1929. He married Martha Susan Higgins April 5, 1860. She was born in Alleghany county North Carolina, Feb. 9, 1845 and died at the old home near Mt. Pleasant, Aug. 21, 1914. The following children were born to them:

1. Irena Jane Edwards-Jones—Feb. 16, 1861—Feb. 10, 1922.
2. Shade Martin Edwards—Oct. 28, 1862—Sept. 26, 1946.
3. Mary Frances Edwards-Milstead—Nov. 8, 1864—P. O. Cleburne, Texas.
4. Alexander Stephen Edwards—Sept. 7, 1865—March 20, 1902.
5. David Marion Edwards—May 13, 1868—Feb. 15, 1938.
6. John Bryant Edwards—Dec. 15, 1869—Dec. 30, 1925.
7. Juda Ann Edwards—Dec. 5, 1871—Nov. 29, 1872.
8. Richard Franklin Edwards—Nov. 4, 1873—P. O. Sulphur Springs,
9. Samuel Monroe Edwards—June 12, 1875—Jan. 30, 1912.
10. Nettie Emma Edwards-Damewood—May 1, 1877—P. O. Independence, Ka.
11. Nancy Caroline Edwards-Galyean-Kindle—April 19, 1879—Proctor. Okla.
12. William Robert Edwards—Sept. 26, 1881—Hiwasse, Arkansas.
13. Hiram Morris Edwards—Sept. 30, 1883—Oct. 13, 1887.
14. George Elbert Edwards—June 13, 1885—Aug. 4, 1903.
15. James Preston Edwards—June 17, 1887—Nov. 28, 1934.
16. Daughter who died an infant.





C. Mary Edwards Taylor—March 3, 1840—Oct. 24, 1927.

(I am indebted to Harry David Taylor of Jewell Ridge, Va. for most of the Information regarding Aunt Mary's family. Harry David's great-grandmother was father's sister Mary. His grandfather was the late Isaac Monroe Taylor.)

She was married to Noah Taylor of Maxwell, Va., 1859, six months before her family left N. C. for Arkansas. Noah Taylor was born Nov. 23, 1822 and died Jan. 11, 1888.

Children born to them are:

Sarah Jane Taylor—Dec. 19, 1861—May 25, 1876.

Molly Taylor ———

David Breckinridge Taylor—Aug. 11, 1864—Feb. 8, 1943.

Mary Frances Taylor—Dec. 27, 1868.—

Houston John Taylor—May 29, 1871—Still lives.

Dorcas M. Taylor—Aug. 16, 1873—Oct. 30, 1873.

Rosa Alice Taylor—Aug. 26, 1874—Sept. 22, 1900.

Charles R. Taylor—Dec. 17, 1876—Still lives.

Isaac Monroe Taylor—Dec. 2, 1879—July, 1948.

It seems that the above named families were pioneers in the development of the country around Maxwell, Va., which received its name from some of Harry's relatives. They first came from Ireland and settled in Delaware but finding it unfruitful there, at a very early date, they immigrated to this area and led a historic and colorful existence. The history of Tazwell County, Va., is in itself a history of these Irish pioneers. The first fort, Whitten's Fort, was commanded by Charles Maxwell, whose father, James, became the first sheriff of Tazwell County. Charles was killed in an Indian raid at Burkes Garden not far from Maxwell.

D. Richard Edwards—June 3, 1842—Nov. 19, 1929. He married Mary (Polly) Galyean, Sept. 8, 1864 and she died April 3, 1894. Aunt Polly was born Sept. 4, 1844, the daughter of Noah Galyean who came with a large family from North Carolina with the Edwardses. Children born to them are:

1. Mattie Edwards-Raines—July 10, 1865—Sept. 17, 1902.

2. Betty Edwards-Oaks—Feb. 20, 1867— 1944.

3. Mahala Edwards Decker—Sept. 10, 1870—Mansfield, Arkansas. .

4. Laura Edwards-Mann—Jan. 3, 1873—Dec. 12, 1933.

5. Ruth Naoma Edwards—Nov. 7, 1875—Feb. 4, 1877.

6. Clara Belle Edwards-Wolfe—Feb. 20, 1878—March 9, 1927.

7. Tilda Edwards-Seamster—June 1, 1880—P. O. Centerton, Ark.

8. Zona Edwards-Ford—May 6, 1882—P. O. Springfield, Mo.

9. Sarah Virginia Edwards—March 8, 1885—May 15, 1905.

After Aunt Polly's death, Uncle Richard married Mrs. Laura Boggs, Feb. 5, 1899. She was born Jan. 16, 1857 and died Oct. 31, 1931.

E. Martha Edwards—April 5, 1844—March 5, 1846.





F. Mahala Jane Edwards-Higgins-Mondier--April 15, 1846--April 27, 1895. She was married to Shade Higgins (mother's brother) in 1865. One child, Nettie Belle Higgins-Hutton, was born to them, 1867, after the death of her father. In 1876, Aunt Jane married John Mondier who died in 1918. Children born to them are:

David Bazeel Mondier--Tulsa, Oklahoma. Born 1878.

Benjamin Lee Mondier--1880--

Allie May Mondier--1881--Deceased.

Julia Mondier--1883--Deceased.

George Clarence Mondier--1884--

Grover Clinton Mondier--Feb. 22, 1887--Feb. 9, 1943.

Gracie Lee Mondier-Darnell--Feb. 12, 1889.

G. Thurzy Edwards-Calhoun--Feb. 29, 1848--March 25, 1875. She was married to John Calhoun 1870 and two children were born to them:

1. Robert Lee Calhoun--Los Angeles, Cal.

2. James A. Calhoun--Gravette, Ark. (Jim was two years old when his mother died.)

Aunt Thurzy died when Lee and Jim were small so they were reared by their grandfather, David Edwards.

H. Frances Edwards-Baker--June 6, 1850--Feb. 1916. She was married to Seth Baker, 1878, and four children were born to them:

1. Eva Baker-Ramey--Aug. 30, 1879--P. O. Wyola, Arkansas.

2. David Baker--July 22, 1882--P. O. Fayetteville, Ark.

3. Twins who died in infancy.

I. Phebe Edwards-Pierce--Jan. 2, 1852-- . Married Tom Pierce.

I have not been able to get a report on Aunt Phebe's family. I remember Josephine Pierce Weim and Allie Pierce but failed to locate them.

J. David Reed Edwards--March 18, 1855--Died 1928 in Ft. Smith. He married Ellen Milstead, a sister of James F. Milstead.

Two children were born to them:

1. Anna Edwards--Deceased.

2. David (Dee) Edwards--Living in Ft. Smith last known of him.

K. Sarah Ann Edwards-Boyd--Dec. 19, 1858--March 29, 1833. She was married to James Nathaniel Boyd March 26, 1875. He died June 1920. Their children are:

1. Elizabeth Jane Boyd-Cash--Sept. 11, 1878--Jan. 22, 1898.

2. David Edgar Boyd--Aug. 11, 1882--Dec. 27, 1922.

3. Martin Calvin Boyd--Aug. 16, 1884--P. O. Gravette, Arkansas.

4. Rosa Belle Boyd-Coffman--Oct. 24, 1882--P. O. Long Beach, Cal.

5. Robert Lee Boyd--Feb. 11, 1889--P. O. Gold Bar, Washington.

6. Dora Ann Boyd-Henage--May 27, 1891--P. O. Springfield, Oregon.

7. Minnie Arzula Boyd-Ryan--Dec. 22, 1893--P. O. Caldwell, Idaho.

8. Adah Irene Boyd-Ryan-Dill--March 3, 1896--P. O. Shoshone, Idaho

9. Mary Nettie Boyd--Feb. 28, 1900--Aug. 12, 1916.

10. Marvin Ernest Boyd--June 5, 1905--P. O. Gooding, Idaho.





## THE WILLIAM EDWARDS FAMILY

William Edwards and Martha Susan Higgins were married at her home, five miles southwest of Bentonville, Arkansas, April 5, 1860. Their children and grandchildren are listed below:

I. Irene Jame Edwards was married to Green Berry Jones, October 18, 1883, at the old Edwards home place. They spent most of their married life in Benton County, Berry following the occupations of farming and blacksmithing. He died on March 18, 1946. They had thirteen children:

1. Anna Jones (Russell), July 27, 1884, Gravette, Arkansas.

2. James Henry Jones, August 28, 1885, Bentonville, Arkansas. He married Alma Burgin. James was ordained to preach by the Bethlehem Baptist Church September 18, 1921.

3. William Green Jones, April 2, 1887, Gravette, Arkansas. He was married to Minnie Walthall. Will was ordained to preach by the Mt. Pleasant Baptist Church on March 9, 1930.

4. Harvey Lee Jones—Died in infancy.

5. Martha Ethel Jones (Martin), May 15, 1891, Longston, Kansas.

6. Dosia Belle Jones (Haysler) (Messner), September 26, 1893, Webb City, Missouri.

7. Ezra Edward Jones, January 15, 1895—December 31, 1939. He married Alpha Allmendinger, and two boys were born to them. Later he married Genevieve Denver.

8. Samuel Lester Jones, March 22, 1897. Elk City, Kansas. He married Ella Troutman.

9. Nettie M. Jones—Died in infancy.

10. Joel Arthur Jones—Died in infancy.

11. Almeda Jones (Smith), May 23, 1902.

12. Lena Jones—Died in infancy.

13. Robert Morris Jones, January 28, 1905, Dubuque, Iowa. Married Lena Day.

II. Shade Martin Edwards was married to Elizabeth Holland, daughter of Samuel Holland, December 1885. They had no children of their own, but they reared Dickson Edwards whose father, Steve Edwards, died when Dickson was small. Shade farmed and raised stock.

III. Mary F. Edwards married James F. Milstead, October 7, 1882, at the old Edwards home place. They spent much of their married life in Texas where James died, May 5, 1935. He followed the occupation of farming. They had thirteen children:

1. Mary Elnora Milstead (Graham).

2. Susan Elizabeth Milstead—Deceased.

3. Jesse Franklin Milstead—Deceased.

4. Lillie May Milstead—Deceased.

5. Samuel Monroe Milstead, Fort Worth, Texas.

6. Cleveland Milstead—Deceased.

7. Stella Ora Milstead (Williams)—Deceased.

8. William Bryan Milstead, Houston, Texas.





9. Dona Belle Milstead—Deceased.
10. Mamie Leona Milstead (De Gunia), Fort Worth, Texas.
11. Lonnie Lowell Milstead, Abilene, Texas.
12. Beulah Irene Milstead, Cleburne, Texas.
13. Clydia Milstead—Deceased.

IV. Alexander Stephen Edwards married Rosa Patton, a daughter of James Patton who lived on Spavinaw, southwest of Mt. Pleasant. One child, Daniel Dickson Edwards, was born to them. Rosa died in 1900, and Steve died in 1902, when Dickson was about three years old. Shade reared Dickson. After Rosa died Steve married Sallie Kerr, and she died April 8, 1911. A daughter was born to them who died in infancy, June 1902.

Steve took up teaching as an occupation and began teaching in 1890 and taught for twelve years. He received his normal training in the Normal School at Warrensburg, Mo. In the meantime he studied law and practiced in J. P. Courts but was never admitted to the bar. He died at Gravette, Arkansas, 1902.

V. David Marion Edwards married Lottie Covey, daughter of John Covey, Oct. 8, 1894 at her home near Gravette, Ark. Dave followed farming. He died at Southwest City, Mo., Feb. 15, 1938. Their children are:

1. Beatrice Edwards-Thomasson-Queen, Southwest City, Mo.
2. Terry Edwards—Dec. 28, 1896—June 5, 1898.
3. Elsie Edwards-Wright—Southwest City, Mo.
4. Mabel Edwards-Wetzel-Foreman—Southwest City, Mo.
5. Roy Edwards— —Southwest City, Mo.
6. Gladys Edwards-Saunders—Tulsa, Okla.
7. Cecil Edwards— 1909—Feb. 19, 1927.

VI. John Bryant Edwards married Mary Banks at the home of her father, Houston Banks, Dec. 20, 1891. John followed farming and stock raising, then was in the Mercantile Business for several years. For about twenty years, he was cashier of the Bank of Hiwasse. He died at Hiwasse, 1925 and Mary died at Hiwasse Jan. 13, 1947. Their children are:

1. Ethel Edwards-Rucker—Oct. 2, 1892—Dec. 21, 1921.
2. Orville Houston Edwards, Ojai, Cal.
3. Gladys Edwards-Keith—Hiwasse, Arkansas.
4. Freeman (Mike) Edwards, Pea Ridge, Arkansas.

VII. Juda Ann Edwards—Dec. 5, 1871—Nov. 27, 1872.

VIII. Richard Franklin Edwards married Belle Holloway at the home of her father Eld. James Holloway, east of Hiwasse, Jan. 4, 1894. Frank followed farming and stock raising. Their children are:

1. Floyd Edwards—Sept. 30, 1895—March 6, 1897.
2. Marvin Leon Edwards, Fairland, Okla.
3. Mona Edwards-Cooper—Sept. 9, 1899—Dec. 8, 1918.
4. Samuel Raymond Edwards—April 22, 1903—Dec. 1, 1918.





5. Lawrence Edwards, Grandview, Wash.
6. A son—Died in infancy April 22, 1911.
7. A daughter—Died in infancy March 3, 1913.
8. Mary Edwards-Cooper—Southwest City, Mo.
9. Mack Edwards, Richland, Wash.
10. Pearl Edwards-Loveless, Sulphur Springs, Ark.

Belle Holloway was born 1874 and died 1931. Frank then married Mrs. Ellen Wolford, Jan. 25, 1938, and they have since lived near Sulphur Springs, Ark.

IX. Samuel Monroc Edwards married Nettie Patton at the old David Edwards homestead, where her father, George W. Patton, lived, having bought this farm. They were married Dec. 2, 1908. Sam attended the Rogers Academy, Rogers, Ark. and took a course in a St. Louis Business College. He farmed, clerked in a store and was then elected County Assessor and served two terms (1906-1910). After his term expired, he went into business with his brother-in-law, Arthur Patton, in a general store at Hiwasse where he worked until his death in 1912. Their children are:

1. Jewel Edwards-Still—Gravette, Arkansas.
2. Ruth Edwards-Kerr—Gravette, Arkansas.

Jewel had a twin sister who died in infancy, Oct. 1, 1909.

X. Nettie Emma Edwards-Damewood. She was married to Charlton Elza Damewood Dec. 3, 1893 at the old home. Charlie has followed farming. A remarkable thing about this family is the fact that they have reared ten children, the youngest serving in World War II, and have never had a death among them. They have spent most of their married life in Kansas. Their children are:

1. William Edwin Damewood—Coffeyville, Kansas.
2. George Elza Damewood—Independence, Kansas.
3. Virgil Mattison Damewood, Independence, Kansas.
4. Leo Kinder Damewood, Coffeyville, Kansas.
5. Susan Gladys Damewood-Randels, Wray, Colo.
6. Zelma Irene Damewood-Voorhes—La Feria, Texas.
7. Lula Mae Damewood-Richardson—Coffeyville, Kansas.
8. Edyth Darinda Damewood-Denny—Independence, Kansas.
9. Gayle Agnes Damewood-Dozier—Independence, Kansas.
10. Charlton Arthur Damewood—Independence, Kansas.

They have 35 grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren.

XI. Nancy Caroline Edwards-Galyean-Kindle. She was married to Sam Galyean Nov. 16, 1898 at the old homestead and they followed farming. Sam died Feb. 9, 1910. Their children are:

1. Bessie May Galyean-Kirk—Proctor, Okla.
2. Eva Galyean-Harris-Hackler—El Reno, Okla.
3. Beulah Galyean-Allmendinger, Hiwasse, Arkansas.
4. Verda Galyean—Deceased.
5. Mabel Galyean-Kindle—Proctor, Okla.
6. David Galyean—Died in infancy.
7. Sam Galyean, Jr., (Born after father's death) Proctor, Okla.





After Sam's death, Nancy married John Kindle who was a farmer and stock raiser. The following children were born to them:

1. Violet Kindle-Pierce—Tulsa, Okla.
2. Mollie Kindle-Hastings—Tulsa, Okla.
3. Myrle Kindle-Crane—Cal.
4. Iva Kindle-Bozark—Tulsa, Okla.
5. Virginia Lee Kindle-Whitmire—Proctor, Okla.

XII. William Robert Edwards married Fay Gann, June 22, 1913 at Snyder, Okla. He attended school at the Banks school house, took the 9th grade work in the Hiwasse school under F. M. Brinegar, took high school work in the Ouachita Academy at Bentonville and the Rogers Academy at Rogers, Ark., but most of his training for the teaching profession was received in the Pea Ridge Normal College of Pea Ridge, Ark., where he graduated in the class of 1912, receiving the Bachelor of Pedagogy Degree. He also attended summer terms in the University of Arkansas.

He began teaching in August 1902 and continued in teach or engage in other educational work for forty-six years. In the meantime he served one term as County Examiner and three terms as County Supervisor of Schools (1912-1919) being the first to be elected to that office after the county adopted it. He served two terms as Assistant State Commissioner of Education (1919-1923) under Supt. J. L. Bond. He resigned this office and taught again until he was elected County and Probate Judge of Benton county, serving two terms (1925-1929). All his teaching was done in Benton county, practically all in three districts. His wife has been teaching for nine years and is teaching the primary room in Hiwasse school at present time. Their children are:

1. Wanda Gann Edwards-Webster. Born in Bentonville. She began her grade school work in Little Rock and then attended school at Bentonville and Hiwasse. She graduated from Central College, Conway, Arkansas in 1933 receiving the L. I. Degree and received the B. S. Degree in Education from the Central State Teachers College of Edmond, Okla. in 1943. She has a minor in Public School Music and a major in English and received a life certificate in English from the Oklahoma City University 1944, and has done work toward her Masters.

She began teaching in the Bayless public school in Benton county in 1933 where she taught three terms with her father but most of her teaching has been done in Oklahoma. She has been teaching several years in the schools of Oklahoma City.

She married a teacher, Sam O. Webster, at Edmond, Okla., July 2, 1937. Sam Webster taught several years in Oklahoma City but is now teaching in the Central State Teachers College at Edmond. He received his Masters in the A and M College, Stillwater, Okla. They have two children, Judy Sue and Jimmie Bob. Their address is 134 East 8th St., Edmond, Okla.

2. Bob Eugene Edwards was born in Bentonville and attended school at Bentonville and Hiwasse. He did some of his high school work at Hiwasse, but graduated from the Garfield, Ark., high school in





1935. He enrolled in the Ouachita College, Arkadelphia, Ark., in 1935 and graduated in 1940 with an A. B. Degree. He took military training there and left school a Second Lieutenant.

While in the Garfield school he belonged to the debate team sponsored by Clyde T. Ellis, who was afterwards elected to congress from the Third Congressional District. This team won the state championship two consecutive years and entered the National Debate Tournament at Topeka, Kansas in 1935 where the Garfield team made a high rating. He was on the debate team while in Ouachita College and this team won in many contests with other colleges.

While in Ouachita College, he was listed in "Who's Who" 1939-40, among American Colleges and Universities and I quote the following from that book: "Bob E. Edwards, born Nov. 2, 1916, Majored in Speech. Will receive A. B. Degree and plans to enter Law and Politics. President of Senior Class, Dramatic Clubs, Military Rifle Club, President of International Relations Club, Vice Pres. of Debate Team, Cadet Captain in R. O. T. C., Record Holder in Military Rifle Team, State Champion College Orator, Special Distinction Degree in Phi Kappa Delta, Received Rating "Superior" in National Pi Kappa Delta Debate Tournament, member of Psi Omega, Pre-Law Club, Life Service Band, B. S. U. Council, Poetry Reader in College Choir, American Red Cross Senior Life Saver, Hobby: Hunting and fishing. Home: Sulphur Springs, Ark."

He had planned to enter a law school but war was coming on so he accepted a year's active duty in the Army beginning in June 1940. He was first sent to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis; then to Ft. Benning, Ga. He has been stationed at Ft. Knox, Ky., Pine Camp, N. Y., Camp Campbell, Ky. Camp Chaffee, Ft. Smith, Ark., Camp Robinson, Ark.

He was sent overseas in Oct. 1944 and served under Gen. Patton.

Bob was married to Miss Hazel Site of Sheridan, Arkansas, July 12, 1941, in Watertown, New York, while he was stationed at Pine Camp. Hazel graduated from Henderson State Teachers College of Arkadelphia, Arkansas and was engaged in public school teaching before marriage. They have two boys, Bob Eugene, five years old and Bill Gann, three and one half years old.

Bob was made Lt. Col. in Oct. 1944 and holds that rank at the present time. He and his family are now with the army in Korea.

3. Betty Jean Edwards-Beaman was born in Little Rock while her father was serving as Assistant Commissioner of Education. She attended school at Bentonville, Bayless, and Hiwasse and graduated from the Seligman High School, Seligman, Mo., May 1938. She attended Central College, Conway, Arkansas. Betty's hobby is writing poems. Some of her poems have been published in leading magazines. Some of them may be found on another page of this book.

Betty married Ralph W. Beaman Oct. 9, 1939. He was reared near Garfield, Benton county, and graduated from the Garfield High school. They married in California where Ralph had employment. They have spent their married life in California, except while Ralph was in the





service during World War II. They have two children, Ronald Ralph and Janene Fay. They live in Oildale, California, 810 Wilson St.

XIII. Hiram Morris Edwards—Sept. 30, 1833—Oct. 3, 1887. He died in the old home of croup at the age of four years.

XIV. George Elbert Edwards died at the age of 18 years at Laveta, Colorado where he had gone for his health. Elbert had an unusually bright mind but ill health prevented him from carrying on his school work.

XV. James Preston Edwards married Ella Norton at her home west of Mt. Pleasant, Dec. 1909. Preston followed farming and working at public works. He died in a hospital in Seattle, Washington and was buried there. Four children were born to them:

1. Kelson Edwards—1910—March 1930.
2. Koyce Edwards—Vancouver, Washington.
3. Estalene Edwards—Died at 6 mos. of age.
4. Opal Edwards—Dallas, Texas (Now Mrs. Opal Walker).

Ella died in Sulphur Springs, Ark., April, ,1920, and Preston married Mrs. Alpha Jones Aug. 17, 1926 at the old homestead by W. R. Edwards who was County Judge at that time. Children born to them are:

1. Earl Lee Preston Edwards.
2. Elfred Hendry Edwards.
3. Oretta Betty Edwards.
4. Loretta Berl Edwards.

XVI. Daughter who died at birth.

## DAVID EDWARDS

(From the Record of the Mt. Pleasant Church)

David Edwards was born in Ash County, North Carolina, Nov. 25, 1816 and died at the home of his son, Richard Edwards, near Hiwasse, Arkansas, Feb. 1, 1911—age. 94 years, 2 months, and 7 days. He was converted and joined the Little River Baptist Church in North Carolina about seventy-five years ago, thus he spent nearly three-quarters of a century in the service of his Master, and it might be said of him that, "He fought a good fight, finished his course, kept the faith," and has gone to receive that crown of righteousness that is given all who love His appearing.

In 1859, he moved with his family from N. C. to Benton County, Ark. Soon after reaching Benton County, he joined the Spavinaw Baptist church where he labored until the Mt. Pleasant church was organized in 1870 near his home, when he joined that church as a charter member where he held his membership and was an earnest supporter until death. The interests nearest his heart were the church and his home and he was ever willing to make great sacrifices for both. He had great faith in Christ and with David of old he would say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."





In his last days, he would often say, "I'll soon go to my long sought home and there shall be no more death neither sorrow or crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

Therefore, be it resolved that the church suffers a great loss in the death of Bro. Edwards, and that a copy of this obituary be put on our church record, and copies be sent to the Arkansas Baptist and Baptist Flag for publication.

Done by order of the church in conference April 1, 1911.

J. A. Calhoun

Will Jones

May Allen

Committee.

Eld. A. N. Sanders, Moderator.

Jas. H. Jones, Church Clerk.

### MARTHA SUSAN EDWARDS

Martha Susan Hagins (or Higgins) was born in Alleghany County, North Carolina, February 9, 1845, a daughter of Bryant Higgins and Irena Edwards Higgins. She came to Benton County with her parents in 1848. Her early school days were spent in a little school district west of Bentonville, where F. P. Galbraith and George Jackson were her schoolmates.

On April 5, 1860, when she was only fifteen years old, Martha Susan married William Edwards. She became the mother of sixteen children. Mother and father began married life at a very trying time—the Civil War was just coming on. Father joined the Confederate army in 1863 which left mother alone with a family of small children to feed. Life was precarious in those days and a livelihood for a lone woman was a serious matter; but mother was of sturdy stock and, instead of growing despondent over father's leaving, she took over her double duties, providing her children with food and giving them a sense of security by her cheerful disposition and her sweet, sensible character. Often she went to the fields to work in order that the older children might be free to go to school. Now I can see that she was a woman of untiring energy and rare business ability, for she managed somehow to provide for her large family on the old homestead, and throughout her more than fifty years of married life, she saw to it that there was never a mortgage of any kind put on their property.

Mother's life was one of devotion, and I am sure that her self-reliance came from a sense of spiritual guidance. She rested her faith on the beauty and truth of the Universe and the divine guidance of the Holy Spirit, and her conduct on her own conscience. I never heard her offer a public testimony or a prayer in public, but her daily life of service for others, her fidelity to truth and honor, her sweet smile, and her gracious ways gave evidence of her abiding faith. She was a "Good Samaritan" in her community. As a child, I wondered why I never heard my mother pray; but now I remember how often she used to sit on the porch in the cool of summer evenings, or in front of the





big fireplace on winter evenings, her day's work done and the children all in bed, and sing such hymns as "Tarry With Me Blessed Savior," "Pass Me Not Oh Gentle Savior," and "Jesus Savior Pilot Me." With these remembrances many things I have read come flooding into my mind: "He prayeth best who loveth best—" "The greatest prayer is patience—" "A song will outlive all prayers in memory;" and I realize that prayer is many things. It is singing hymns of praise; it is looking at life with the right viewpoint; it is doing our daily work; it is being in accord with nature; it is the self-confidence that comes from spiritual guidance—all of this and much more is prayer.

Mother was sick about three months and died of gall stone infection August 21, 1914, at three o'clock in the afternoon. A day or two before she died, I was in her room just before daybreak when I saw her reach her hand out as if to take someone in her arms. I asked her if she wanted something. She asked, "Where are those angles? They have been singing around my bedside all night." She had always liked the song, "Come Angel Band," and in her last hours her "Angel Band" was her greatest comfort and her final escort.

"The bravest battles that ever were fought.

Shall I tell you where and when?

On the maps of the world you'll find it not,

'Twas fought in the hearts of the mothers of men."

## WILLIAM EDWARDS

William Edwards was born in Ash County, North Carolina, May 3, 1838. He came with his parents to Benton County in November of 1859, and settled five miles southwest of Bentonville. He died at the home of his son, William Robert Edwards, in Bentonville, January 25, 1929, at the age of ninety years, eight months, and twenty-two days, having lived in Benton County continuously for nearly seventy years.

On April 5, 1860, William was married to Martha Susan Higgins at her home in the country, Section three, Township 19, Range 31, where her father had settled in 1848. He had bought the land from the government in 1850.

During the Civil War, my father was converted at a camp meeting held by Elder Wade Sikes at the McKisic Spring, where Centerton is now located. Soon after that he united with the Spavinaw Baptist church which was at that time holding its meetings in the homes of Mr. Shelton, Squire Alden, and other private homes. He was licensed to preach by this church in 1865, and became a charter member of the Mt. Pleasant church in 1870. He was ordained to preach by this church in 1875, and preached to rural churches for sixty years. He did not think it proper for a minister to accept a regular salary, so he preached all those years with very little pay in money. The Edwards stock was a vigorous and long-lived one, with its inheritance of hardihood both from its English ancestry and from the discipline received in the frontier days in America. Father was a stern man with the strength





of his convictions. His ruddy cheeks spoke for his cheerful attitude toward life and his good digestion. His ideas were firmly fixed on his rather literal interpretation of the Bible, and they remained unchanged throughout his long life. He was never in a barber shop in his life, never attended a picture show or a baseball game, and my strongest memory of him is with flowing hair and a silvery beard falling to his chest, looking somewhat like a Prophet of the Bible. Beneath his rather stern exterior, my father was the soul of sympathy and understanding; and there was something of grandeur about him to me as he sat, in later life, in his rocking chair with his Bible on his knee.

Life was rugged in those early days, but father was always faithful to attend all meeting of the church. I think perhaps the rigid church-going was something of a source of relief from the sun-to-sun drudgery in the fields. I have heard him tell how he would often plow all day, then turn his horse out to graze and walk five or six miles to attend mid-week prayer service, while he was a member of the Spavinaw Church. He usually made his preaching appointments on horse-back. He was never too tired to do his duty according to his convictions.

Young folks of today know very little about the hardships experienced by the early settlers in this country. There were no telephones, and all messages of life or death must be carried to neighbors by foot-messenger or a horse-back rider. When telephones finally came in, father had an aversion to them and never used one as long as he lived. Much of the cultivation of crops was done with the hoe, and the working-day was not the eight-hour day we know, but a daylight-to-dark proposition. Cook stoves were not in use, and I have heard father say that they sometimes took their hoes home with them to cook corn cakes on—thus the “hoe-cake.” They also had the “ash-cake” which was cooked by covering it over with hot ashes and coals in the fireplace. Another kind of bread was the “johnny-cake,” or “journey-cake,” father said was the proper name. This was a thick cake usually baked on a board or a rock in front of the fire. They carried this type cake with them on a journey to eat with wild meat which they would kill and roast on a camp fire. There was plenty of game, so with their “journey-cake” along, they need never go hungry. Father was often startled and put on his guard when he was returning home late at night by the shrill cry of the panther or some other fierce animal.

My grandfather, my father, and uncle Richard used to tell many interesting stories about hunting which we all enjoyed as we sat by the big fireplace on long winter evenings. One of my favorites was a story father told about finding the family out of bread when there was a big snow on the ground. There was no time for “squeamishness” about the weather with a hungry family depending on him, so he took his trusty squirrel rifle and started on foot to Steeley’s water mill on Sugar Creek, near where Bella Vista now is, a distance of about ten miles through the woods from the old home at Mt. Pleasant. As he





returned, he killed a deer about half-way between the mill and home. He could not carry the deer and his bushel of meal at the same time, so he hung the deer in a tree, took the meal home and then returned for the deer. After a walk like that, it is needless to say that he enjoyed cornbread and venison for supper that night.

Near the beginning of the Civil War, father joined the Confederate Army at Pea Ridge and trained under Captain Cyrus L. Pickens. Later he was discharged because of rheumatism in his knees which made it difficult for him to keep up the rigorous army life.

Uncle John Edwards and uncle Richard Edwards served in the Confederate Army through the war. They had many narrow escapes but were not wounded except that uncle Richard had the end of one finger cut off by a rifle bullet.

### SOME OF THESE DAYS (Dedicated to Father and Mother)

Shadows may gather and life may be saddened,  
By sorrow and pain as we tread various ways;  
God's sun will dispel them; our hearts will be gladdened,  
And joys will return to us some of these days.

May we, like you, be patient for wrongs will be righted  
Though dim shines our path through the fog and the haze.  
God's word will surely keep our pathway lighted;  
We'll sing victory songs some of these days.

Our pathway may seem lonely, the future look dreary;  
We may long for your words of affection and praise;  
We'll press on though we may become weary;  
May your prayers be answered some of these days.

### RICHARD EDWARDS (Obituary read at the funeral)

Richard Edwards was born in Ash County, North Carolina, June 3, 1842 and came with the Edwards and Galyean families from North Carolina to Benton County in November 1859 and had lived nearly all the 70 years in the community where he died. He died at his old home near Hiwasse Nov. 19, 1929, being 87 years, 5 months, and 16 days old. A brother, Eld. William Edwards with whom he had been closely connected in church work for many years, died this same year.

He was married to Mary Galyean on September 8th, 1864, and lived with this companion for 30 years, when she departed this life. On February 5th, 1899, he was married to Mrs. Laura Boggs, who survives him. He had lived with this companion more than 30 years. Besides his widow he is survived by five daughters by his first wife, as follows: Mrs.





Mahala Decker, of Fayetteville; Mrs. Betty Oakes, of Gravette; Mrs. Laura Mann, of Van Buren; Mrs. Tilda Seamster, of Bentonville, and Mrs. Zona Ford, of Springfield, Mo. Four daughters preceded their father: Ruth Naoma, who died when two years old; Virginia, dying in young womanhood, and two married daughters, Mrs. Mattie Raines and Mrs. Clara Wolfe. He is also survived by five step-children—children of his last wife. All his children and the step-children, except one, were with him during his last sickness and did all that could be done to comfort and care for him.

Nearly 60 years ago he was converted and united with the Mount Pleasant Missionary Baptist Church, which was at that time holding its services in the old Cash schoolhouse. He had served his Master faithfully all these years and had served as deacon of this church many years. Sickness was about the only thing that prevented his attending the regular services of his church, and when he and his companion were not at church services, it was sure one of them was sick.

He was confined to his bed only eleven days during his last sickness, and it seemed from the first that he realized he would not get well. He prayed that he might pass over and be at rest with his Savior, and he said that he was sure there would be a host of angels waiting to welcome him to the other shore.

He joined the Confederate army during the war, enlisting in Capt. C. L. Pickens' regiment on Pea Ridge, and served until the close of the war. He served several years on the County Pension Board.

We think of Uncle Richard as not being dead but only sleeping.

In spite of the anguish that fills up this day  
In spite of our cares and our sorrow,  
Life holds a hope of a much better day,  
And bids us live for tomorrow;  
We have a promise of a gladness to be,  
When we meet Uncle Richard beyond the dark sea.  
In spite of our trials, our cares and despair,  
In spite of our sorrows and pains,  
Heaven holds many loved ones up there,  
And all of its joys we may gain;  
Beyond the dark clouds that today hover low,  
There are sunshine and gladness in heaven, I know.

Funeral services were held at Mt. Pleasant November 20th by his pastor, Eld. Floyd Tillman, and the body was laid to rest in the Mt. Pleasant cemetery in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends.





## A SKETCH OF THE HIGGINSES AND THE HAGINES

(Copied from the report of Fred J. Gray, Lamar, Mo.)

Higgins, or O'Higgins, is a common Irish name. In the United States, Higginses are numerous. In some states there are communities almost entirely populated by them and their kin. There are eighteen towns or ports in the United States with the name Higgins. These are in seventeen states of the Union.

The Higginses with whom this sketch is chiefly concerned came from North Carolina. They were adventurous pioneers. In the early history of this country they were living on the frontiers where the events of their lives were unrecorded. They did not dwell in the atmosphere of learning and culture but they were rich in the lore of woods and streams. They possessed a homely humor and a picturesqueness of speech characteristic of the hardy mountaineer. They were to a considerable extent clannish and they were strongly bound by family ties. They learned the hard lessons of life from a direct contact with nature and with primitive men. Their story if it could be unfolded would be part of the great drama of the conquest of the West.

The ancestors of the branch of the family with which we are concerned were Linville Higgins and Juda Kirby, of North Carolina. Linville Higgins was born April 8, 1796 and died there, in Alleghany County June 6, 1881. Juda Kirby was born in Alleghany County and died there April 25, 1878. Linville had two brothers, Thomas and John, and one sister, Jennie. Juda had three brothers, Jesse, Jarel and Sam, and one sister, Sarah. Linville and Juda were married in 1817.

They lived in the region around Ennice and Sparta, which is in the Blue Ridge Mountains and only a few miles from the Old Virginia line. Mrs. Phoebe (Higgins) Martin, who was thirteen years old when she came from North Carolina, says in a letter: "North Carolina is, as I remember it, a very beautiful country—so many wonderful wild flowers, tall stately pines, little streams and waterfalls, all kinds and colors of birds winging their way in the golden sunshine. Never have I lived in or visited any country quite so beautiful as the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina."

In this region Linville and Juda spent their lives. Twelve children were born to them in a period of nineteen years. In order of their birth, the children were: Goldman, Linville, Bryant, John, Kirby, Frances, Thomas, Palmyra, William, David, Calvin and Sarah. We are concerned chiefly with the record of Linville, Bryant, John and William because these four sons came west in an early day and became the ancestors of our group.

Linville and Bryant married early and with their families migrated to northwestern Arkansas in the early fifties. They made the trip overland with ox teams, coming thru Kentucky and Tennessee. In about 1858 John, with his family, joined them. He also crossed the country by wagon. However he had one horse-drawn vehicle. These three brothers and their families lived for a time near Bentonville, Arkansas.





At the outbreak of the Civil War, Bryant moved with his family to Henry County, Missouri, near Clinton. In 1860 Linville's wife died and the next year he himself was killed by Bushwhackers. This left John (Uncle Jack) with two families to care for, his own and Linville's orphaned children.

Sectional feeling at this time was very bitter and it was deemed unsafe for Northern sympathizers to remain in that region. (Some of these Higginses were strong Union men.) So the Federal troops escorted a wagon train of those settlers from Bentonville to Springfield, Missouri. At Springfield the military escort abandoned the train and the emigrants were required to shift for themselves.

John, with his own family and the children of Linville, made his way to Greenfield, Missouri, on his proposed journey to the Bryant Hagins home in Henry County. (Bryant by this time had begun to spell his name "HAGINS"). But while at Greenfield Uncle Jack's wife grew ill and died. She was buried at Greenfield.

Bryant lived many years on his farm near Flory and only a short distance from the William Higgins land. Bryant ran a blacksmith shop. He died in 1895. He is buried in Round Prairie cemetery, southeast of Milford.

## THE BRYANT HAGINS FAMILY

Bryant Hagins was born Nov. 14, 1820. In 1842 he was married to Irena Edwards who was born March 22, 1826. Bryant died May 22, 1895; Irena died March 5, 1904. Their children were: Shade, Susan, Lee, Juda, Butler, Nannie, Frances, Sarah, Caroline, Sam, Dudley, Charlie and Laura B.

## EDWARDSSES TYPICAL PIONEERS

When Capt. John Smith saw the failure of the Virginia colony, which was first settled by "gentlemen"—wealthy men who did not have to work—he wrote the London Company, "When you send men again, you better send thirty laborers than one thousand of such as we have." "A hardier class of men were sent and tradition has it that about the year 1616, William Edwards, a forefather of our clan, came to Virginia from England. William has been a name much in use in our family all along.

Persecutions of the Baptist and others in Virginia arose so in the year 1630, the Edwardses joined those who left Virginia and settled in the eastern part of what later became the colony of North Carolina. But, even before the great American pioneer Daniel Boone left his Pennsylvania home for North Carolina, the Edwards families had migrated from eastern North Carolina to the Blue Ridge mountains of northwest North Carolina, near the Virginia line. They were later found in Ash, Alleghany, and Orange counties. Here in this beautiful mountain region in Alleghany county in the year 1765, John Edwards was born, and in 1790, soon after Washington became president, Rich-





ard Edwards was born. He was the father of our grandfather, David Edwards who was born in Ash county North Carolina Nov. 25, 1816. He married Jane Anders (of a Dutch family) Dec. 10, 1835. I might say here that the history of the Higgins families parallels the history of the Edwards families.

Near the first of September 1859, David Edwards and all his family except Mary who had married a man by the name of Taylor of Maxwell, Va., and Martha who had died at the age of two years, left their North Carolina home in ox wagons and some horse drawn wagons, for Benton county Arkansas, arriving here near the close of November of that same year, having been on the road about three months. The trip was difficult and winter was coming on but I heard my father say often that they never traveled on Sunday but wild game and firewood were prepared on Saturday and the Lord's day would be quietly observed by some spring or river. In this wagon train with the Edwardses there was Noah Galyean with a large family, and perhaps others, who became pioneers in Dickson township.

Grandfather Edwards first settled about five miles southwest of Bentonville near where grandfather Bryant Higgins had settled in 1848. They had known each other in North Carolina. Grandfather Higgins had bought 120 acres from the government (this was before the homestead law was passed by Congress) Dec. 10, 1850, in Section 3, Township 19, Range 31. The next year after arriving here, William Edwards and Martha Susan Higgins were married, April 5, 1860. Soon afterward the Edwardses moved from that neighborhood to the region of Dickson, (now Hiwasse) where they got homesteads under the Homestead Act of 1862, where they have since lived. Father's homestead was 160 acres in Section 3 and 10, Township 20, Range 32, and grandfather's 160 acre homestead joined this on the west. All of grandfather's children were born in the Tar Heel state, Sarah Ann, the youngest, being one year old when they came here.

The Edwardses were typical pioneers and it might have been said of their leaders as was said of Daniel Boone, "He wanted to be buried with his face turned upward and westward and his feet toward the setting sun". They were so well pleased with this part of the country, however, they did not go farther west but lived and died here and most of our clan are sleeping in the Mt. Pleasant cemetery..

In religion, the Edwardses were generally affiliated with the Missionary Baptist Church and politically, they were Democrats. Very few of the Edwards family ran for office but seldom missed an opportunity to vote. After the Civil War, when the Southerners were allowed to vote again, the voting precincts were sometimes so large it made voting very inconvenient. I have heard father relate these difficulties. For example, Dickson township was thrown in with all southwest Benton county and the voting place was on Norwood Prairie, eight miles southeast of Siloam Springs, a distance of more than thirty miles from father's home. So anxious were they to vote, grandfather and father rode their horses through a cold November mist of rain to Norwood





Prairie expressing a right that had been denied the Confederates for several years.

The Edwardses as a rule were farmers and ordinarily reared large families. The older one of the clan kept hounds and joined freely in the chase of the fox, the deer, and the wild-cat which were plentiful in the Blue Ridge Mountains and in Benton county in those early days. Grandfather would often stay out all night following his hounds over the Blue Ridges, in spite of the objections to this practice filed by grandmother.

The Edwardses were, as a rule, faithful to attend services of the church. Grandfather joined the Little River Baptist church in North Carolina when he was about twenty years of age and seldom missed a regular meeting of his church as long as he lived. As far back as I can remember, I never knew grandfather, father or Uncle Richard to miss a regular meeting of the Mt. Pleasant church.

## OUR OLD HOME

Now, Judy Sue, Jimmy, Ronald, Jan, Bobby, and Bill, I want to take you back through memory's lane to our old home near Mt. Pleasant where the William Edwards family was born and reared, (in Sections 3 and 10, Township 20, Range 32) to the spot where we grew up and acquired childhood memories that never can be dimmed; to the old home where father's wishes were respected and mother's kind and jolly disposition kept things going; where we sat around the wide fireplace and listened to visiting preachers sing such songs as, "Oh, How Happy Are They", and, "Will the Waters Be Chilly."

I want you to see the spot in the far northwest corner of the woods lot north of the house where, as lads we "hitched" our stick horses and would slick them up for the dash home when mother called "dinner". And I want you to see the giant white oak tree, hollow at the bottom, which we used as a post office where we exchanged letters with neighboring children—Tom Allen's children especially.

I want you to see the old ash hopper which we had to keep filled with ashes and then carry water to run down lie so the family and all hands wouldn't run out of soap; see the old smoke house that always had hickory cured hams, shoulders, and sides hanging from the beams every month in the year; see the hand cards, the spinning wheel, the loom which were so necessary in supplying us with clothing.

Time changes men and things. The old home, the log part, built in 1868, burned in March 1924, and another house has been built there. But it wouldn't be the old home if everything could be replaced like it was when we were boys. Father, mother, eight of the boys and three of the girls have gone on. The old place may be more fertile now; maybe it would yield more dollars per acre, but the lack of joyous living sticks out on every hand. We doubt if the old place has been visited by a preacher or a candidate in twenty years. The narrow winding road that led out to grandfathers has been changed to a wide





straight highway where cars travel seventy miles an hour. No families of four or eight, or perhaps more, pull up to the old place in a big wagon to stay for a night or a week.

Bentonville, the county seat, was twelve miles to the east of us and there our family doctor lived, and they had to get him on horseback. So the family depended on home remedies for ills, except in severe cases. Father and mother would make at least two highly important trips to the county seat each year to trade. In the spring, after shearing the sheep, they would take the wool, sell it, and buy necessary things for the spring and summer. Then before Christmas, father would load several sacks of wheat on the big wagon and take that to the Eagle Mills, where some of it would be ground to flour and some sold to get money to buy us children shoes for Christmas presents. We went barefoot about eight months of the year. The flour was used for biscuits for breakfast. Cornbread was used at other meals and sometimes for breakfast.

What an exciting time we had on the night before this winter trip to town when mother would line us children up and take the measure of our feet on pieces of paper so they could get shoes that would fit. Many times, however they were misfits and gave our feet fits to wear them. Usually two of the children would get to go to town with father and mother, riding on the sacks of wheat in the back. It was quite a task for mother to decide who of the children could go with them. I reckon she would let those go who had been good of late. I don't know how she figured it out but I do know it was a great joy to get to make that trip. It was next to the joy we got out of watching for Santa Claus the night before Christmas. It was such a pleasure to see the horses and cattle along the way and especially to see the beautiful peacocks at the Allen Woods home. Then to see so many houses and people in the town. Lee Calhoun was asked after one of these trips how he liked the town, and he said, "I could not see the town for the houses."

Children did not often get to see the moon. We went to bed before the moon got out of the trees. We got up between four and five o'clock in the morning and sat around an hour waiting for daylight to come in the winter time. Father had to get up early so he could feed his fattening hogs before the chickens flew down out of the trees to eat corn with them. We got to stay up late, however, when the trip was made to town for supplies. They started off on this twelve mile trip between four and five o'clock in the morning and often it was nine o'clock in the evening when they returned. We could hear the wagon bumping over the rocks for an hour before it reached home. What excitement there was when we rushed out to meet the wagon and got our part of the nickel's worth of stick candy!

Then there were no cold drinks, no soda pop, no ice cream. And there were no can openers. Coffee was bought green and had to be parched in the oven and ground in a lap mill. Sugar, flour, and salt came in big wooden barrels, but few people bought sugar or flour.





They had bread from their own grain and used sorghum to sweeten with. Baths were taken, if taken at all, in a tub on Saturday night and shoes were given a greasing with mutton or beef tallow or opossum oil to have them ready for Sunday. Most of the men wore boots and the boot jack was just as necessary in the home as the chair. If the old weight clock on the wall was within a half-hour of the right time, it was all right. If the clock needed correcting, father would watch the shadow of the porch posts at noon and make corrections accordingly. The wood boxes had to be filled every night and an extra amount brought in on Saturday evening to last over Sunday. Socks were darned and clothing patched at night by mother and the older girls while father read the Bible.

The family often drank water from a long handle gourd dipper; there might be a tin cup for special company. For breakfast, we drank sage, sassafras, ginger or spicewood tea. We usually milked three or four cows which would give milk enough for supper to eat with corn bread or corn mush. On holidays and special occasions, the table was laden with delicacies in quantities that only the rich can afford today. We had lots of company. I have seen mother get dinner for as many as twenty-five people besides our own family. She took pleasure in feeding people.

For several years after father and mother began keeping house, cooking was done on the fireplace. I do not remember when they got their first stove but I can remember when they bought their first sewing machine. Before this mother sewed on her fingers to make clothing for all the children. Corn bread and sweet potatoes and other food was cooked in the big Dutch oven and meat was boiled in big dinner pots on the fire. Corn cakes were sometimes cooked in the ashes and were called "ash" cakes. It was supposed that the ashes the children would get in eating ash cakes would rid them of worms. The first sewing machine was bought about 1887. Ethel Jones Martin kept house for father for quite awhile after mother's death and came into possession of the machine.

I am sure you children wonder where we slept when our family of twelve or more was visited by company of twelve or more, which I have seen happen. Well, when I was a small boy, we had three rooms made of logs and there was a kind of hall-way between the kitchen and the other building where we ate when the weather was warm. It required two or three hands to scare the flies away with peach tree brushes while the others ate. The kitchen was a room about 14 ft. square with a dirt floor and a stick and mud fireplace and chimney. We had one large high wooden corded bedstead in the kitchen with a trundle-bed which was pushed under the large bed in daytime and pulled out to sleep on at night. In the other two rooms, 15 by 16 ft., there were beds similar to those in the kitchen. Four to six persons would sleep in a bed—two or three at the head and the same number at the foot. I guess you children never had the pleasure of sleeping at the foot and have a taller person sleeping at the head kick you





under the chin or get a toe in your mouth. I have. The beds thus filled, if all did not have a place to sleep, a straw tick or a feather bed or two were placed on the floor and the remaining children were lined up there for the night. No matter how we had to sleep, we were glad to have company.

After supper was over, the older persons would gather in the front room while the younger ones would get in the kitchen by the big fireplace where we had great fun playing games. "Blind fold", "Pretty Bird in My Cup," and "Heavy, Heavy Hangs Over Your Head" etc, were enjoyed by all. Sometimes we could get some of the larger girls or young married women to join us and tell us ghost stories or sing songs to us. Some of the favorite songs I have heard my sisters sing are, "Barbara Allen," "Froggy Went A-Courting," "The Orphan Child," and "Old Father Grimes," and many others. We were permitted to stay up late when we had much company, for father did not have the heart to make us go to bed when we were having so much fun.

Nearly all the old neighbors are gone but, in my memory I can still see those fine people, real neighbors in times of sickness and distress, and as my ship gets nearer to the shore, I go back in my memory, children, to that old place and I can see it in all its glory. I can see the moss covered roof and the moss-covered bucket at the well. I can enjoy again the warmth of those old surroundings. I can see the boys fishing in the Rotrammel branch, south of the old place, catching some big goggle eye (some of them four inches long) and swimming in the big ?? pools dug out by the water during a rainy spell. I hope you children have a picture of the house, the surroundings, and family life of my childhood days.

## THE EDWARDS HOMESTEAD AS I REMEMBER IT

(By Judy Gann Simmons)

Norman, Oklahoma

Dear Bob:

I was pleased that you asked me to write my remembrances of a visit to your home for your book on the Edwards family, for that visit is one of the most vivid memories of my early childhood.

A miraculous thing about my visit has always seemed to me to be the indelible remembrance of your mother that I have retained. I remember your father well, for I saw him many times afterward, but on that visit he was a silent figure who remains in a background so vague that he could well have been a ghost sitting in a chair just beyond the space the lamp lighted. Later he emerged as a friendly, familiar figure in a rocking chair on the veranda, but still a silent man, often humming a tune so softly that one had to be very quiet and intent to hear it. Once, years later, I remember running up the garden path in my riding breeches, and as I mounted the steps, his soft tune stopped for an instant; he spoke to me gently, and then his faint tune came to me through the clear, transparent air—"Yield not





to Temptation." He was a Victorian to the core, and I wondered if riding pants on a woman shocked his sense of propriety.

I think, from my later knowledge of him, that he perceived it his duty to defend the faith of his fathers against all innovations. He believed profoundly in the fact of "conversion," the turning of the face to a new course, and having once taken such a step, he saw the path as straight and narrow, but there were moments of high vision and ultimate rewards. Although his religion was tender and humane, it was also well girded, and he cherished no illusions that the Christian life was easy or the burden light. He would, I think, have had a special liking for Jonathan Edwards, that eighteenth century zealot whose sermon on "Divine and Super-natural Light" (1734) inspired a tremendous revival of religious fervor known as the Great Awakening. His people, however, lacking Jonathan's iron will, gave way to emotionalism, resulting in a schism. Those who held to the theology of Edwards were known as the New Lights. When Edwards wished to exclude from the Lord's Supper those without supernatural conversion, his parishioners grew resentful, and he was dismissed from his church in 1750, becoming later a missionary to the Housatonic River Indians. Your father, too, loved the old ways and traditions. He had, I am sure from what Fay has told me, a complete distrust of current fashions and would have abhorred the cult of the worship of "the Voice of the People." He did not know the meaning of class-consciousness and would never have deferred to anyone except perhaps the very old or very poor.

It is a good thing you are doing, Bob, recording the beginnings of your family with simplicity and integrity. There will come a day when your children and your grandchildren may wish to become identified with a family, and you are recording things that have heretofore been passed down only by word of mouth. Here you are giving them the beliefs and convictions, customs and habits of their ancestors upon which their own ideas and ideals are unquestionably founded.

It seems but yesterday when I recall the ecstasy I felt when I was allowed to go home with you for a few days, a trip which involved the wondrous excitement of riding on a train. Then there was the added zest of being allowed to go without another member of my family, and, best of all, to go with you who were the principal of our school and, by that virtue, the very epitome of all knowledge, learning, and culture in our small community.

So we arrived, Bob, you and I—a young idealist and a rather badly spoiled child—at your home in the stilled silence of a summer evening. In retrospect I can see the lovely old-fashioned two story white house sitting behind a white fence, seeming to be pushed far into the background by the riotous colors of the flowers blooming in front of it. The sun was hanging low on the distant tree tops, and I realize now, again, what a beautiful, secluded spot it was.

Few memories have lingered in my mind so vividly as that visit and I have often wondered at it, but when in my mind's eye I see Aunt Susan coming down the steps to meet us, I think I know the





answer. Her features elude me, but the merry lights dancing in her eyes, the happy, laughing mother, serenely accepting her son's young guest as comfortably as a mother hen gathers one more chicken under her ample wings, are good to remember, to hold on to. A feeling of warmth and of being wanted lingers with me even yet.

We had some delicious food which we ate from a very large table by the light from oil lamps. Later I felt the coolness of the tall rooms that were almost swallowed up in the shadows, only our pathway lighted dimly by a lamp carried along as we found the room I was to sleep in. I sank down and down into the softest bed between cool sheets and heard faintly the katydids running their chromatic scales in the walnut tree I could see in the moonlight. But Aunt Susan did not leave before we had said goodnight to God. Whether she said the prayer or I seems irrelevant now—I cannot remember—and, anyway, I think she shared my feeling that prayer is a very private thing, even though it is strong enough to link man with the motive power that moves the universe.

The next morning a mockingbird awakened me with his delicious gurgles, scoldings, screamings, and then his sudden lovely high trills, and I dressed and rushed out into the dew-wet grass to explore. Wandering down the garden, I turned my face up to the hollyhocks that were nodding everywhere and then down to the larkspur and poppies blooming at their feet. The lower flowers—moss roses it turned out to be—were still almost veiled in a film of ground-mist. I believe I have never seen hollyhocks blooming since that I have not remembered that garden and the tremulous awareness that awakened in me, having to do somehow with the relationship of God to Nature. I know now that truth waits in all things and that the ever recurring beauties of nature—the dying and rebirth—is all we need to know of God. Time, space, and eternity were blended in that moment in your garden, and then the lovely, chuckling voice of your mother—as jolly as St. Nick himself—called me to breakfast.

The rooms were still and cool in the daytime, but the sun had chased away the shadows of the night before so I could see the big stone hearth of the fireplace, the hand-woven spreads on the beds, and the organ back in one corner. The smell of sweet-scented roses and honeysuckle was in the rooms.

In the afternoon I sat under the big white oak near the well. A bucket used for drawing up the water hung on the wooden frame, a structure which must have stood for years, for it had a lacy edge, etched there by the water, wind, and sun eating out little chunks of the wood. The early transparent look had left the leaves, and they were thick enough that the sun only shot through in places, making patterns on the ground. I had chosen my position so that the rays fell warm upon my knees, pulled up close to my chin, and as I sat there looking out upon a small blossom-filled world, a joy as sharp as pain ran through me. The mockingbird scolded from his well-secluded perch, a fragrant smell of home-baked bread drifted from the kitchen,





and as Aunt Susan's clear voice burst into song, I felt a poignant sense of grief constrict my heart. The burst of lilacs by the house was a miracle to me. The tall sycamore across the road gushing up from the earth so straight and tall seemed a sanctuary, like a silent church before the service begins. A white bird flung itself upward in the wind and disappeared, just about over the small white church I had seen from the front porch that morning. I know now that the family has worshiped in that church for more than three quarters of a century.

Then I saw the origin of the buzz and humming I had heard all afternoon. A colony of bees at the back of the yard was working away industriously to produce the honey which was always on the big table at mealtime. Aunt Susan showed me the space reserved for the graves of the dead, just south of the garden. The little old-fashioned grave stones were chalky white, and some glass jars holding flowers were iridescent in the sunlight. It was a silent, serene place that brought no throb of grief or pain, but simply a quietness of spirit. I remember an expression on your mother's face as she walked there with the dignity among the graves of her loved ones, and I am sure that she had never tasted the bitterness of disillusionment, that there were no moments of doubt for her, but that she looked forward to meeting them again as confidently as she expected the sun to rise in the east the next morning. She was so far removed from the harsh, strident tones of naturalism, even sweeping over the country, that the present-day distrust of ideals never even touched her life. Already a great transformation of American life, thought, and manners, brought about by the impact of industrial capitalism and science, was taking place. The dissolution of old standards and faiths might have been in evidence elsewhere, but here was strong faith and independent thinking, idealism, and principle. If one had said to Aunt Susan that the problems of life could be solved by a rationally objective approach without aid or guidance from the Inner Light, as many people in a rapidly materializing world were trying to believe, she would simply have thought that like Saul they had "played the fool and erred exceedingly." The glib modernism of today would have been to her simply incredible.

I remember other things about that visit—swinging on the garden gate, for instance. It seems that someone told me it was not good for garden gates, but it was a lesson that I did not learn well, because thirteen years later I unlearned it when I swung on the same garden gate in the moonlight with a nephew of yours, a handsome, gallant lad whom I have never seen since. He had taken me to a picnic, and I remember the heavy fragrance of red roses and white honeysuckle as we walked down the pathway to the gate.

That was the same gate by which your mother stood and waved good-by to us, smiling. I never saw her again, but I have always held her in my memory as a woman of wisdom, wide tolerance, a lovely sense of humor, and an unshakable faith and love.

I visited there at other times, and I always missed Aunt Susan's genial personality, but there was still a graciousness and simplicity,





a mellow habitable charm that bespoke her spirit living on, and there was something more—a sense of the ineradicable rightness of God and of man's complete dependency upon His power.

The house has long since burned, and the lovely, familiar haunts are only memories now. Do you remember the clear stream that ran not too far away, in which we used to wade and hunt for frogs. The bottom was filled with round, smooth white rocks that were beautiful, albeit a little hard to walk on and keep the body at right angles with the world. We used to ride horses to go to it, or sometimes we went in the buggy. Once I remember Marvin and I went in the buggy, and thinking we were quite alone, the atmosphere became charged with intense moments of weighted silence—an atmosphere propitious for romance—when suddenly the discord of childish voices singing love songs badly off tune pulled us back rudely from out bewitching moment. Wanda and a cousin, Opal, had hidden themselves in the back of the buggy.

They are all happy memories, poignant and fragile as a piece of fine translucent porcelain to be handled gently. As life lengthens out, there are degrees of happiness that come to us, by way of memory, that seem to belong to some enchanted world—a bright maze into which we escape and wander for a little while.

And now, Bob, as you did not ask me to write a book, but only my remembrance of things past, I must bring this to a close. It has been sheer pleasure recalling the pleasant times I had at your home place and my memories of your mother and father. It is hard to realize that the twentieth century is almost half gone, and so swiftly that it might have ridden the winged pegasus, but it has not all been inspired. America has been through two wars, developments in science and philosophy have changed much in our way of life, and literature has run the gamut from realism to naturalism. For a while all the stress was put on social and economic problems, but now there is a turning back to the spiritual qualities of the individual in our thinking and in some of our literature. I am glad for our children and for their children that this is true.

My love and best wishes to you and Fay, and congratulations on the centennial celebration of your family's coming to Benton County.

Judy.

## MT. PLEASANT BAPTIST CHURCH

Since the history of the Mt. Pleasant church and the history of the Edwards family are so closely connected and have been since the organization of the church May 28, 1870, I thought it well to give extracts from a history of the church I wrote for the dedication of the new church house September 27, 1942.

There were twelve charter members of the church and five of this number were from grandfather's family as follows: David Edwards, Jane Edwards, William Edwards, Frances Edwards, and Mahala Jane





Edwards-Higgins. Other charter members were Randolph Galyean, Isabel Galyean, William Parker, Manerva McLaughlin, Mahala D. F. Baker, J. W. Baker, and Mary J. Baker.

This church was organized in the old Cash school house May 28, 1870 and the presbytery that organized it was composed of Eld. Charles Seeley, moderator; Eld. John Givens, Clerk; and Jacob Harris, a deacon. David Edwards was chosen to answer the questions asked by the presbytery, which were answered satisfactorily.

This church met in the log school house on the hill, or mount, northwest of the Cash spring, and was therefore named Mt. Pleasant. This house was used about ten years, until 1880 a house was built on the present site of the church house.

About two years after the church was organized, Nov. 1872, the first death occurred in our family, when sister Juda Ann died. There was no cemetery near so father asked grandfather to select a place to bury the child. He looked over father's farm and then he reported that he thought there were more wild roses and other wild flowers growing where the Mt. Pleasant cemetery is than any other place on the farm, so he selected a spot there for our family lot. Thus began the Mt. Pleasant cemetery three quarters of a century ago. The cemetery now has more than 600 graves and the area has been increased from the one acre which father first donated to about five acres.

By 1880, other graves had been located here so the Baptist church decided to build a new house near this cemetery on ground donated by my father, in the southwest corner of Section 10, Township 20, Range 32. The lumber for the new church house was hauled from Van Winkle mill, about 14 miles southeast of Rogers. It took three days to make the trip there and back. Most of the work on the building was donated and Leman Harrel was chief carpenter. Shade Edwards, who was about 18 years old at that time, helped to haul the lumber.

William Edwards served the church as pastor at different times, about twenty years altogether and David Edwards was chosen first church treasurer and deacon and served about 28 years in this capacity, and was then succeeded by Richard Edwards who served 32 years as deacon and treasurer. James A. Calhoun served 14 years as church clerk, longer than anyone else has served in this office. Other descendants of the Edwards family who have served as clerk are: James H. Jones, W. G. Jones, Mrs. Fay Calhoun-Nichols, and W. R. Edwards.

Regular meetings were held in this house until the fall of 1941, when the church decided to build a new house. The new house was built and services being held in it by April 1942. Sunday school and church services were held in private homes while the church house was being built. They were held most of the time in the J. M. Barnwell house. The building committee for the new church house was Harve Duncan, John Daniel, Kenneth Kerr, Adriel Barnwell, and J. Y. Holcombe. Harve Duncan was chosen chief carpenter.





By 1946, the Sunday school had grown to an enrollment greater than we had ever known so it was decided to build a Sunday school room as an addition to the church house, 16 x 24 feet. Most of the money for this room was contributed by the children and grandchildren of William and Susan Edwards, that the room might be a memorial to them. The idea of a memorial was first suggested by Mrs. Dosie Jones-Messner. The same building committee and the same carpenter who built the church house were retained for this building.

Ministers who served as pastor of the Mt. Pleasant church, as far as I am able to learn are: Elders Charles Seeley, John Givens, Jordan Epperson, William Edwards, Lewis Hines, J. R. Rowell, B. F. Cooper, J. F. Mitchell, G. W. Setser, R. C. Kemper, W. D. Joyner, W. I. Casey, J. W. West, W. C. Hamby, C. P. Dean, A. N. Sanders, T. F. Jones, J. E. King, Floyd Tillman, Arthur Hart, C. S. Farmer, L. L. Johnson, G. W. Hicks, Roy Daugherty, J. R. Cecil, Dick Daring, J. A. Smith, E. J. Jones, E. T. Odle, E. C. Hart, and Tom J. Netherton who is pastor at the present time.

#### WILLIAM EDWARDS ORDAINED TO PREACH

Father was licensed to preach by the Spavinaw Baptist church in 1868 but because of his lack of education and being timid he hesitated to preach. The church seeing his earnestness and his desire to do more for his Master, encouraged him. In 1875 he was ordained to preach by the Mt. Pleasant church.

I give below an exact copy of his credentials which father kept as long as he lived as a treasure:  
To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that we, the undersigned presbytery being called on by the United Baptist Church of Christ at Mt. Pleasant for the purpose of ordaining Brother William Edwards, which, after necessary examinations, we set him apart to the full work of the ministry by the laying on of hands, wherever God in his providence may cast lot.

April 18, 1875.

John Givens

Jordan Epperson

John Brim

Presbytery.

George Russell, Deacon.

About 1883 the first Sunday school was organized at Mt. Pleasant, the members being assisted by a visiting brother, James Cohorn. David Edwards was the first Sunday school superintendent. He offered a New Testament as a prize to the one memorizing the most Bible Verses to encourage Bible study in the new school. This prize was won by Frank Edwards.





## THE OLD LOG SCHOOL HOUSE

My purpose in writing about the old log school house is to give you children some idea of school and school life as the Edwards families and others of those pioneer days, found it. We have heard and read much of the "Little Red School House", but the old log school house was used at an earlier date. This log house was made of large logs hewed from trees. It had a wide fireplace in one end and a heavy batten door in the other end. The fireplace and chimney was sometimes made of stone and sometimes of sticks and mud. One window, at least was cut to let in the light but often no glass was to be had for this window.

The walls were bare logs. Nails or wooden pegs here and there were to support hats and coats. A rough plank ceiling was laid across ax-dressed log beams. Puncheon seats made by splitting logs in half and fitting them with legs were used. The surface of these puncheons were usually smoothed with an ax but it was not safe to slide on them as a splinter was likely to be picked up by ones anatomy. The floor was sometimes made of puncheons but often was the bare ground.

The seats had no backs and no desks. Planks were sometimes laid on pegs in the walls to form writing desks for the larger pupils. In most school houses the small children were required to sit on high seats with their feet dangling in air. In some houses they sawed off the legs of the front seats to enable the small children to put their feet on the floor. Since the school house was used for church, lodge, and other meetings, the low seats would be uncomfortable for adults. That explains why small children had to swing their feet.

The old log school house known as the Cash school house was very much like the one described. The year 1868 was a notable date in Arkansas history as well as in the Mt. Pleasant community. The Governor at that time advocated the principle that, "The property of the state should be taxed to educate the children of the state." Thus our free school system was begun. It was several years, however, before the voters in some districts were willing to vote a tax for school purposes.

Before the year 1868, the people of the Mt. Pleasant community met in private homes to worship, to have school and entertainments. About this time, grandfather, father and others of this community, decided that if their community was to go forward, a school house must be built. A meeting was held and it was decided that the men would meet and hew logs for a new building. A site was chosen for the house on the hill about one-eighth of a mile northwest of the Haywood Cash spring. Practically all the school houses were located near springs in those days in order to have drinking water, as there were very few wells.

After nearly eighty years this house is still standing. Several years ago it was moved to the barn lot just north of the spring where it is used as a barn. It is 18 feet wide and 18 feet long. This house was used for school, church and other meetings for about twenty years. Father said that the only secret order to which he ever belonged was





the Farmers' Grange, organized in this house. The Mt. Pleasant church was organized here and as the house stood on a mount above the spring, the church was named Mt. Pleasant and still bears that name. The Christian church also used this house for worship and Mal Banks was one of its early preachers.

The Cash school house was chinked and daubed like others of its kind. The daubin would dry and sometimes fall out. In the fall while it was warm the daubin was sometimes punched out to let in air and light and was replaced when the days began to grow cold. Lee Belew and others who attended school here, tell me that one day while school work was moving along and the children were more quiet than usual under the direction of the teacher, John Brown, Will Agard jumped from his seat into the aisle and yelled. The teacher asked in a threatening tone, "Willie, what is the matter?" The frightened pupil said, "Teacher, the daubin is falling." A chunk of dirt had fallen on Willie's head. From that day on, Willie's name was Daubin Agard.

The second school house was built in this district (No. 21) near the home of Bob and Phoebe Banks in 1888. It was first called the Lynn school house because it was built on land belonging to Mr. Cal Lynn. It was later called the Banks school house because it was so near the home of Bob and Phoebe Banks. For several years after the third school house was built the old house was used as a church house by the Church of Christ. Aunt Phoebe Banks then bought the building and moved it a little ways west of the original location where it still stands and is used as a dwelling house.

The third school house stood just south of the Mt. Pleasant church house and was known as the Mt. Pleasant school house. It was moved away in 1932 when Mt. Pleasant consolidated with the Hiwassee school district No. 108.

A great many modes of punishment were used in the days of the log school house which are not considered proper today. Children, how would you like to sit on the high "Dunce" stool for hours and supply the school with merriment? One mode of punishment remembered by the three score and ten year olds was the "Dunce stool" and the "Dunce Cap." If a pupil acted too "smart" or was too idle, the teacher was apt to place him on a high stool at the front of the room and place on his head a tall sharp pointed cap with the word "dunce" printed on it, while the other pupils had sport at the "dunce's" expense.

It is said that the word dunce came from John Duns, a Scotch theologian who died in the year 1308. He was one of the schoolmen of that early day and there was no higher praise in that day than to be called a "Duns" or a follower of John Duns. A few years later when ideas were brought forward by educators contradicting Duns' ideas, the one who clung to these erroneous ideas was called a "Dunce"—an unwise or foolish person.

I am indebted to my father-in-law, William Thomas Gann, for the following incident which took place in a log school house in Benton county where he was attending school when a small boy.





The teacher at this time had a fence rail, with a sharp edge, brought into the school room. He put this rail across the corner of the room with each end of the rail in a crack between the logs in the wall, with the sharp edge of the rail up. The teacher called this rail his "old gray mare," and when a boy needed to be punished he would have him ride the "old gray mare." One day the teacher had some of the erring small boys riding when one of the larger boys was caught in mischief by the watchful eye of said teacher who at once had said pupil to take his place on said old gray mare. This boy whose name was George - ——— had legs long enough to let his feet down and stand on the floor, and free himself from the rail. While the teacher was busy George let his feet down and stood on the floor riding up and down with his body in the imaginary movements of the old gray mare, amusing the rest of the school. The teacher looked around and saw George and demanded in no uncertain terms that George hold his feet up and ride like the smaller boys. After awhile the teacher looked around again and saw George was crying. "What's the matter George?", asked the teacher. George answered, "Teacher I can't set on this old gray mare, cause I've got a bile right back thar." This supplied amusement for the other children at George's expense.

I might go on relating other methods of punishments and other amusing incidents of those early days which could not be found in our schools today but I must go on with another kind of story.

But I want to pause here long enough, children, to tell you something about my school days at the Lynn (Banks) school house which was located where the Lynnwood Church of Christ is located now. School Dist. 21 had houses located at three different places during its existence, besides schools were sometimes taught in privately owned houses, in those early days. The school houses were, the Cash log school house, the Lynn (Banks) school house and the Mt. Pleasant school house. All my older brothers and sisters attended school at the log school house but all my schooling in this district was in the Lynn school house. Recently I sat again beneath an oak tree on the Lynn school house play grounds. As I sat there, I ~~paragraphed~~ *paragraphed* the first verse of a familiar poem:

I wandered to the school grounds, children  
And sat beneath the tree,  
On the old school house playing grounds,  
That sheltered my playmates and me;  
But none were there to greet me, children,  
And few are left, you know  
Who played with me upon that ground,  
More than fifty years ago.

And then as I thought of the many deserted school houses in the county because of the consolidation of districts, I repeated the first verse of Whittier's poem:







“Still stands the school house by the road,  
And a ragged beggar sunning;  
While all around the sumacs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.”

In those days, we did not play the great American game of baseball at school. We played town ball. I have always enjoyed baseball, however, and I played third base on the “Tadpole Flat” team when Lon Knott pitched and Bert Loghry caught, but I was never a star player. This team had their diamond in an old field on the Agard farm and the Chalk Valley team was our strongest competitor for honors. I still like to watch a game of baseball, in spite of the fact that on April 17, 1942, a foul ball plucked out my left eye while I was “rooting” for the Hiwasse High school team in a contest game with Center-ton high school.

A baseball game is a tame affair, however, compared to a game of town ball as we played it in those “good old days.” There might be fifteen or twenty playing on a side instead of the choice nine. Two players would choose sides and every one who wanted to play could play. We had bases as we have in baseball but no one played on a base for we had to get the runner out by crossing him out, unless he was caught out by a person in the field who might catch a fly or catch the ball on first bounce. The one who got the batted ball would try to throw it in front of the runner before he reached the base. If this was done, the runner was out. If the one who batted the ball ran all the way around the diamond without stopping, he made an “eye”, or if he ran around three times, having to stop at one or more of the bases, he made an eye. In other words three rounds made an eye. Then when he was put out, he could take the eye and bat again or he could give the eye to some player on his side who had gotten out. The girls as well as the boys played and a splendid way for a boy to get in good favor with his girl friend was to give her an eye when she got out. Since I usually made no eyes, I did not have that chance to win a girl friend. I do not know whether I ever made an eye by going all the way around without stopping, but I often used eyes given to me. John Belw, Will (Daubin) Agard and Willie Banks were successful in making eyes and when I was on their side, they would often give me an eye so I could get into the game again. Will batted his final home run several years ago but John and Willie (Powder Bill) are batting strong, after passing their three score and ten mile stones.

The pitcher and catcher in town ball belonged to the side in the field as in baseball but the best pitcher was the one who could pitch the ball so the batter could hit it. If the batter missed the ball and the catcher caught the ball on the fly or first bounce, the batter was out. There were no innings in town ball. You could play all day if you wished and they changed bats only after everyone on the batting side was out. If everyone was out on the batting side except one player, then he would have to make a home run (an eye) when he came to the bat for there would be no one to bat him in if he stopped on a base.





If he made an eye, he could give it to someone on his side and they might be able to keep the bats for quite awhile.

Since School Dist. 21 was closely connected with our community and our family, I will give the names of all the teachers I can get, although I know I shall not name all and they will not be named in the order in which they taught. It is interesting to note that John Brown, who for several years was one of the leading teachers of the county, taught the last school in the old log school house and the first school in the new (Lynn) school house, having taught about two weeks in the log house while workmen were getting the new house ready, then the school was moved to the new house. Mr. Brown taught in the Cash school house before this time, however, and he taught in the Lynn school after this. Teachers did not often teach more than one term in a district but Mr. Brown was an exception. Women seldom taught in those days. It was feared they would spare the rod and spoil the child. About fifty years after Mr. Brown taught his first school here, a daughter, Ena Brown, taught the last school in this district before it was consolidated with Hiwassee Dist. 108.

Frank Beasley taught the first school in the Mt. Pleasant school house. Isabelle Lynn, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Brown, taught a private school in this district. Belle Daniel, who was my first teacher, and Lelia Banks taught private schools also.

The seats used in the Lynn school house were made of native lumber by a local carpenter. These seats took the place of the puncheon seats used in the log school house. The seats used in the Mt. Pleasant school house were factory made desks.

The teachers who taught in the log house as best I can get them were: Professors, Carl, Bob Crawley, Henry Donahue, Mrs. Cobble, Steve Fair, Jeff Banks, Zack Baker, and John Brown. In the Lynn (Banks) school house: John Brown, Zack Baker, Rosa Dunlap, Ellis Fair, A. S. Edwards, Arch McAtee, John Duncan, M. D. Decker, Sam Daughtry, Lou Crank, Fred Keeler, and Minnie Banks.

In the Mt. Pleasant school house: Frank Beasley, J. M. Purcell, Luther Fletcher, W. R. Edwards, Joe Gann, Alea Erwin, Addie Gilbert, Pearl Gholson, Nola Douglas, Mildred Thomason, Christine Carter, Mrs. Dot Walroth, Mrs. Fay G. Edwards, Vera Brown, W. G. Jones, Lucy McMurtry, and Ena Brown.

While I was in school here, we had three and sometimes four months term of school, and many pupils went about half that time. Strange as it seems, children then as well as now, were anxious to miss classes. The teacher was worried a great deal by children who wanted to go get a bucket of water, or go get a load of wood, or go drive hogs from under the house. We carried water from Brown's spring and two pupils were on the road nearly all the time with one bucket after water. Wood was often carried from the woods to keep fire in the large box stove with a big drum above. The larger boys were much more willing to go get wood at school than they were at home. It required a large amount of the kind of wood they gathered





for the school house had plenty of openings for air. It was planned to have school out by Christmas as it was thought the school would do no good after a Christmas holiday. Children, think how times have changed.

In these one room schools, the teacher often had from 75 to 100 pupils. With this number of pupils and such short terms, I have often wondered how so much good could be done as was usually accomplished by these devoted pedagogues of pioneer days in education.

## SQUALLY DAYS IN BENTON COUNTY

I have sat many times and listened to my parents tell of squally times in Benton county during the Civil War. In the early part of this war, times were especially troublesome. Arkansas had joined the Confederacy in May 1861 and on March 6th and 7th, 1862 the first and greatest battle in Arkansas was fought at Pea Ridge, Benton county. After this battle the Confederate troops retreated South leaving this part of the state unprotected by Southern troops. I have heard mother tell of the difficulties in trying to keep food for herself and children at that time. Soldiers from either side or those from neither side—taking whatever they could find of the scanty provisions that had been hidden away for the children.

Mother told how she had managed to raise a small amount of corn from which she made hominy when she could not get corn ground into meal at some water mill. She had some of this precious grain shucked and carefully covered in one corner of the attic of their log cabin home. On one occasion a small band of Union soldiers came through the neighborhood and reached her home about noon. They began to look about for feed for their horses. Finding no feed outdoors, one of the number came into the house, climbed to the loft and found the treasure of corn. Mother tried to explain that this small pile of corn was all the food she had, but the man began at once to throw the corn down while other members of the gang carried it out and fed it to their horses. She was thankful however, that they rode away after the horses were through eating, without harming any one.

During the first year of the war (1861) Linville Higgins, a brother of grandfather Higgins, was living in the Higgins neighborhood southwest of Bentonville. One night he was called to the door from his bed where he was sleeping with his three year old son, David, and was shot and killed by bushwhackers. The Higgins families divided on the question of secession. Grandfather had one son, Uncle Shade Higgins, who served in the Confederate army and another son, Uncle Lee Higgins, who served in the Union army. In Linville's family, one son, Moses, died in the Union army while another son, John, was wearing the gray.

Mother told us how she parched acorns and chinquapins to make coffee and how she dug up the dirt floor of the smoke house to get





drippings from the meat they had cured before the war and threw the dirt into hoppers, poured water through it and then boiled the water to get the salt. Sugar, salt, and coffee were seldom obtained by families out in the country. By 1864, it took \$300 in Confederate money to buy a barrel of flour; \$150 to buy a pair of shoes; \$30 to buy a yard of calico; \$50 to buy a pound of coffee. Grandfather bought an ordinary cowbell for \$60. Father bought the bell for 25c when grandfather broke up housekeeping. This bell was in my possession until 1939 when I misplaced it.

Mother said she went to the spring for water March 7, 1862, while the battle of Pea Ridge was going on, and she could hear the roar of the cannon. She wondered about the safety of her brother, Shade who was with the Confederate in that battle.

1919098

## AN UNUSUAL BATTLE

During the Civil War, grandfather Edwards hid in caves and out-of-the-way places in the Ozarks and tanned hides to make leather, then made shoes for the Edwards families and others in need. He said he could help the "cause" better that way than he could to join the army.

Early in the fall of 1863, he came home to see how the family was getting along and found them without bread. The corn in the field was dry enough, after grandmother had dried it in the sun a few days, to grind for meal. So he decided to take some of the corn to James Patton's water mill on the Spavinaw about four miles south of his home near Mt. Pleasant. It was a clear bracing day, mellowed by the richness of an Ozark autumn, as he threw a "turn" of corn on his faithful plow mare and rode hopefully away. He knew that Indians had been seen not far to the west of his neighborhood, but he reached the mill safely. While he waited for his "grinding", and that was often a long wait at these old water mills, he looked out and saw a small band of Federal Indians coming on horseback, from the west. He rushed out from the mill, mounted his pony and started toward home. The Indians saw him leave the mill and started after him in hot pursuit. They chased him nearly a mile and were gaining on him, when for some reason, all the Indians except one quit the chase. This Indian was riding a splendid swift horse which he reported later, he had borrowed from the general for that day.

Hoping to dodge the Indian, grandfather turned his horse up a brushy narrow hollow, but the Indian kept close after him. He soon found himself in a narrow ravine, the sides of which were too steep for his pony to climb. He was trapped. He had no weapon while the Indian had two good pistols in holsters on his saddle.

Grandfather belonged to the Arkansas Rock Throwers Association; that band of whom it was said anyone of them could take six rocks and go out and bring back five squirrels. He jumped from his pony and began to pelt the Indian with rocks. The Indian likewise alighted from his pony on the opposite side of the pony from grandfather and was try-





ing to get a pistol from its holster. Grandfather hit the Indian on the head with a rock as he could see his head above the pony. The Indian staggered back from the pony, and grandfather ran around the pony and was between the Indian and his pony, all the time firing rocks at the Indian. This was too hot for Mr. Indian so he ran down the hollow, as grandfather put it, "bellowing like a calf."

Grandfather feared the other Indians who had quit the chase would hear him and come to his rescue, so he thought to get away as quickly as possible. He turned to mount his pony but found, that, during the excitement, she had run off. Grandfather was afraid to start home on foot so he mounted his antagonist's fine horse and rode rapidly toward home, thinking the Indians would follow but they did not come. He had won the battle and with it a good horse and saddle, two good pistols and three days rations of parched corn meal. Parched corn meal was often carried on long journeys as it would remain fresh indefinitely.

The Indians sent grandfather word to bring the horse to their camp near the Indian Territory line, but grandfather was afraid they wanted him as well as the horse and he was afraid to deliver him. They visited grandfathers place two or three times after that looking for him but never found him at home. The last time they came, they set fire to the house and burned everything he had. Soon after that he rebuilt the log house and that house is the one still standing on grandfather's old homestead.

Well, children, I know you wonder what grandfather did with that good horse. Uncle Richard was home on a furlough and he needed a horse to ride back to the army as his horse had been shot a short time before; so Uncle Richard persuaded grandfather to let this horse join the Southern cause and he rode the horse back to the Southern army.

The next morning grandfather's pony was found grazing along the fence at the back of his field, Grandfather never went back to the mill after his "grinding", for he expected the Indians to come on the hunt for him so he was glad to hurry back to his hide out. Grandmother made some good old fashioned lye hominy to take the place of corn bread.

In 1863, another incident which saddened the Mt. Pleasant community during these "squally" days happened at the old Rotrammel home about three-fourths mile south of our old home. John and Abraham Rotrammel were brothers living in a large log house near the big spring where John Rotrammel's grand daughter Mrs. Sallie Daniel and husband, John, live today. The Rotrammel brothers were too old to join the army so they remained at home doing what they could to make a living for those depending upon them.

One day they were surprised by a band of Northern sympathizers who entered the house uninvited and began to take whatever food they could find. They abused the family and threatened to burn the house but the earnest pleadings of John's wife, Mary Edwards Rotrammel,





saved the house. Aunt Kit Rotrammel, a sister of John and Abraham, was sick in bed at the time and this may have helped to change their minds. The intruders seemed to be angry, however, because they did not find more loot so, while one of the Rotrammel men was standing in the door and the other was sitting in a chair on the porch, the robbers shot and killed both of them.

The father of Mrs. Daniel, Henderson Rotrammel, was fifteen or sixteen years old at that time. He escaped death by going into the woods. Henderson and some of the women of the neighborhood, including my grandmother Edwards and Aunt Jane Edwards, buried the bodies of the murdered men on a knoll a little way southwest of the house and there their graves remain to this day marked by slabs of native stone and a cluster of friendly native trees. This event so stirred the heart of the boy, Henderson, that he made his way to the Confederate army and fought with this army until the close of the war.

There were many such murders committed in northwest Arkansas during the war but as I stood by the graves of these men recently I was made to feel thankful that, if any animosity ever existed in the hearts of the descendants of those who were so mistreated in the South in those days, no trace of it is manifest today but we are proud to say that the uniform worn by our boys in the World Wars is our uniform, the Stars and Stripes is our flag, and this whole country is our country and in harmony we declare, "I am proud I am an American."

Let me relate one more sad story of our neighborhood. Uncle Richard Edwards and a neighbor boy were home on a furlough during the Civil War and were on their way to this boy's home. They were unarmed riding along a road used but little, just west of grandfather's home, as the afternoon shadows were deepening, when they met some Indians passing through the country from the Indian Territory. When Uncle Richard and his buddy saw the Indians and heard the Indian War Whoop, they left the road endeavoring to escape through the woods. The Indians saw them and began shooting at them. Uncle Richard's horse was struck by a bullet and fell. Uncle jumped from the horse and ran down a hill near by so he would be out of sight of his pursuers and, instead of going up the hill on the other side of the ravine as the Indians expected him to do, he turned up the ravine and crawled into a leafy tree top not far away. The Indians came on by the tree where he was hiding, but they were looking up the hill to see him run out of the hollow and did not think to look in the tree top where he lay with his heart beating like a hammer. It seemed to him that the enemy should have heard his heart beating they rode so near. He escaped with only the loss of the end of one finger which a rifle bullet took off before he left his horse.

His companion was captured, stood against a tree and shot several times. Uncle Richard could hear the shots from his hiding place and guessed that his buddy was the target. When dark came and Uncle Richard felt sure the Indians had gone back toward the Indian Territory, he came out of his hiding place, hurried home and told the family





of his exciting experience. The next morning some of the family of the murdered boy with the help of some of the neighbor women buried his body as best they could. Often the women of the neighborhood had to bury the dead as the men were either in the army or hiding out from the many dangers of these squally times.

## THE OLD SQUIRREL RIFLE

The children of today have only a faint idea of the importance of the old squirrel rifle to the pioneers of this country. Much of their food depended upon this single shot gun. It was also necessary to have it ready at all times as a protector against marauding Indians that might become dangerous. The men often hunted for sport as they do today. Many nights I watched my father and older brothers make bullets out of bars of lead which they bought at the store. They used a bullet mould to form the bullets the right size for their rifle, melting the lead and pouring it into this mould, enough lead at a time to make one bullet. Then they had to cut the neck off the bullet and smooth it so it would go down the barrel easily. I tried my hand at making bullets and at shooting the old rifle, but I was never good enough at either to enter a prize contest. Shooting matches afforded great sport, and crowds would gather and shoot all day.

They bought powder in bulk, and, before starting out to hunt, father would see that the powder horn, was full and that the shot pouch had plenty of patching. He would swing this shot pouch on his shoulder when he started. Both my grandfathers were experts with the rifle. In fact they were flabbergasted if they ever missed. I often think about how they loved their old rifles and how they took care of them. That old long barrel rifle, how they treated it like a living thing and how they loved the feel of it. How they carried in the shot pouch a soft cloth with which to wipe the barrel if a drop of rain or snow got on it, or if it became damp from sweaty hands. If they happened to be out hunting without this cloth, they would take out their shirt-tails, if necessary, and carefully dry the barrel and polish the stock. He would run a rag through the barrel after every shot or two to clean out the stains of that black powder. They would have been more contended to wear dirty clothes, or wipe their faces on dirty bandannas, or live in a dirty house, than to carry a gun with dirt or rust in it or on it.

I have seen father and brother hustling around on a clear spring morning when the gobble of a wild turkey came through the frosty air from his roosting place perhaps a mile away. The first one to get to the old squirrel rifle would be off toward that gobbler. Often a gobbler was brought back, if on the way a deer did not cross the path of the hunter and divert his attention from the gobbler. I have had the thrill of seeing wild turkeys near our home and of hearing the gobbler announce his prescence in the early morning. I have seen the wild deer carried from the forest near our old home and dressed for the table. This deer was killed by my older brothers and our brother-in-law, Charlie Damewood.





## THE LAST MESSAGE OF ELBERT EDWARDS

(Reported by Sam Edwards)

Elbert had been in poor health for a few years so he wanted to go West for his health. In the spring of 1903, father and mother decided to let him go. He bought a ticket to Denver, Colorado and remained there for about three months without being improved in health.

At that time I was attending business college in St. Louis. I decided to leave school, go to Denver and travel with Elbert, hoping that travel and camping out would lead to his regaining his health. We fitted out a wagon and a camping outfit and traveled until the latter part of July when we reached LaVeda, Colorado. We found that Elbert was growing too weak to travel, so we remained there until Elbert's death, Aug. 4, 1903.

Elbert had thought all along that he would get able to go home, until Monday morning after I had been to see a doctor. While we were waiting for the doctor to come, he asked me if the doctor thought he could get him able to go home. I told him I did not know, but I was sure he would do his best. Then he said, "Sam, I guess you will have a lonesome trip going home." This was about 6:30 A. M. August 3.

The doctor came and Elbert asked him if he could get him able to go home. The doctor told him he thought so. Elbert said, "I want the truth. It won't scare me." The doctor went out and I followed him and asked him to tell me just what he thought. He said that Elbert could live only fourteen or fifteen hours. When I went back in, Elbert wanted to know what the doctor said about his case. "I know he told you the truth, but I do not think he told me the truth." I told him the doctor thought he was very sick.

From that time on, he did not think he would reach home alive. Then he said, "Sam, I think I will stand the trip home all right. If I had thought of getting so bad, I would have gone home. I would give anything to be there. I would like to hear father pray one of his long prayers." He then talked of how father and mother would hate for him to die away from home. He said one of the last words father spoke to him was for him not to stay too late, if he got worse. He told me not to weep for things could not be helped. Then he said, "Sam, I think you are blaming yourself for my being here. Don't do it. You have been good to me and I think I have lived longer by coming out here. But oh, how I would like to be in Arkansas now."

Then he wanted to know if I thought the folks at home had received the telegram I had sent, and did I think father would be praying for him. I told him, yes. This was about twelve o'clock. He then asked a man sitting near if he were a christian. The man said he was not. Then Elbert said he would like to have someone to pray for him. He said, "I think if I could hear a good prayer or two, and hear some good songs, I could die happy." I asked if he wanted me to send for someone and he said he did. I sent for Rev. Milne, pastor of the Baptist church at LaVeta.





While we were waiting, he said to me, "Sam, why have we put off being christians so long?" He told me that he had often asked the Lord to pardon his sins and prayed when alone but it seemed that there was something in the way. Mr. Baker was there (he is a christian) and talked with him. Rev. Milne did not get there until five o'clock. By that time there were several there and they talked, prayed, and sang. Elbert appreciated the songs so much, and said they made him think of home. The minister had an appointment for that night so he told Elbert he would go home and come back after the services. After he was gone, Elbert seemed much better. Ate more than he had eaten for sometime. He then went to sleep and rested well until three o'clock A. M.

After this he talked of how uneasy mother would be if they had gotten the telegram. He took out his pocket book and gave it to me. I asked him what he wanted me to do with it. He said he did not care but to do with it as I pleased. He said, "Sam, you may have my watch. You know I like to shoot. Tell Frank I thank him very much for giving me that gun. You take it back and give it to him. Bob, too, has been good to me. Well, all my brothers have. John would let me have anything I wanted. I have cost father so much and have not been worth anything to him."

He called for Mr. and Mrs. Baker. He said he wanted to talk to them. I sent for them but before they got there he said "Sam, tell father and mother I died happy and have gone to heaven and will soon meet them there. Sam, don't put off being a christian like I have done." When Mr. and Mrs. Baker came, he shook hands with them and told them he wanted to thank them for what they had done for him.

He lay quiet for awhile and said, "Sam, I'm on the train all right. There are many others on the train. I waited very late but but I'm sure I am on the right train, for the faces of all passengers look so happy and their eyes sparkle so bright. There are others waiting and if they are not careful they will wait too late. There is another train but the faces of those on that train look so sad. "I asked him where his train was going. He said, "To heaven." He asked the time of day and I told him it was five o'clock. He said, "It will be six o'clock when I get there."

Then he told me again to tell father and mother he died happy. He said tell father to write to this preacher and thank him for what he has done. He said the preacher had been lots of comfort to him. He then asked the preacher to sing, "Life's Railway to Heaven." The preacher did not know the song. Elbert asked me to sing it but I did not know the words. We told him we would send for Mrs. Christian, a widow who lived with Mrs. Baker. He said, "She won't get here in time." We sent for her, but she did not get there in time. Elbert lay quiet a few minutes; then sang two verses of, "The Lifeboat." His voice was distinct. He lay quiet and at exactly six o'clock P. M. August 4, 1903, he breathed his last. I am sure he has a peaceful rest.

I borrowed \$250 from the Odd Fellows Lodge at LaVeta to have





Elbert's body prepared and returned to Gravette, Arkansas. Funeral services were held at Mt. Pleasant by Eld. C. P. Dean, pastor of the church. In a few days father sent the \$250 to the lodge with the thanks of all of us.

## THE SERVICE STAR

During World War II the service star was hung in windows and doors all over the land that passers-by could see how many from the family was in the armed forces. On the following pages, I am giving the names of descendants of David and Jane Edwards who served in the armed forces. I dedicate this poem to them.

See that star on a banner hung in our door,  
It tells the story of a lad who is here no more.  
It is with pride and tenderness, the banner we unfurl  
And we smile through our tears as we tell to the world  
That the boy who lived here has gone away to war  
So in memory of his going, we have placed this service star.  
All over our land today such banners are on display  
And to us whose boys are gone, this banner tries to say,  
"See folks we gave our country the very best gift we know,  
We saw him march away and were glad he wanted to go."  
Although our thoughts bring sadness, we'll wait and pray,  
And display that service star until he comes home some day.

## IN THE ARMED FORCES

Below are given the names of the descendants of the David Edwards family who were in the armed forces of the different wars of our country as far as I was able to gather. I am sure there are several others whose names I was not able to get. There were more than 75 in the service and not one lost his life and the per cent wounded is almost zero. There were many in-laws in the service. I am sorry I could not give their names.

DAVID and JANE EDWARDS

Civil War (Confederate Army)

Richard Edwards.

John Edwards.

William Edwards.

WILLIAM and MARTHA SUSAN EDWARDS

World War I

Orville Houston Edwards.

Sgt. Sam Monroe Milstead—1 yr. overseas.

Sgt. William Bryan Milstead—1 yr. overseas.

George Elza Damewood.

Ezra Edward Jones—Army 13 mos., overseas 12 mos.

William Edwin Damewood—10 mos. overseas.



## World War II.

Lt. Col. Bob E. Edwards—8 yr., 1 yr. oversea—in serviee now—Army.  
Lonnie Lowell Milstead, Jr.—3 yr. service—Navy—Elec. 2nd class.  
Charles (Buster) Edwards—3 yr. serviee—Navy.  
Paschal Russell—Navy.  
Otis Dean Jones—Army—42 mos.—27 mos. oversea.  
Rex Martin—Navy—aircraft—46 mos. service—37 mos. oversea.  
Ross Haysler—Army—  
Harvey Lee Haysler—Navy—  
Otha Doyle Jones—Army—4 yr.  
Charles Jones—Army—4 yr.  
Clifford B. Jones—26 mos.—12 mos. oversea.  
Donald L. Jones—36 mos.—28 mos. oversea.  
Raymond L. Jones—9 yr.—24 mos. oversea—still in service.  
Reeil H. Jones—5 yr.—54 mo. oversea.  
Duane Smith  
Neil Smith—  
George Elza Damewood—  
Charlton Arthur Damewood—Army—4 yr.—2 yr. oversea.  
Wayne Edwards—  
Sam B. Cooper—  
Charles Hunter Edwards—Army 2 yr.  
Roy Allmendinger Jr.—Army—5 yr.—43 mos. oversea.  
James E. Damewood—Army—1 yr. oversea.  
Cpl. Leo K. Damewood—Army—1 yr. oversea.  
Virgil Orval Damewood—2 yr. serviee.  
Cpl. Dewey Dean Damewood—2 yr. service—2 yr. oversea.  
Sgt. Charlton J. Randels—  
Edger G. Randels—  
Claude Wetzel Jr.—

## RICHARD and MARY (Polly) EDWARDS

### World War II.

John Tyra Butler—  
William Gale Butler—  
Burl Louis Butler—  
Edwin Leon Butler—  
Herbert Wolfe—  
Harold Mattingly—  
Russell Kelvin Seamster—Army 2 yr.  
Glen Cole Seamster—Army—44 months.  
James Roy Seamster, Jr.—Navy 42 mos—aircraft carrier.  
Webster Everett Smith—Army.  
Ralph Paul Smith—Navy.  
Earl William Smith—Navy.





JOHN and MAHALA JANE MONDIER

David Paul Mondier—Navy—20 yr. service—chief warrant officer.  
Wilmoris Mondier—Army Combat Engineers.

SETH and FRANCES BAKER

World War II.

Robert Ramey—

Phineus Ramey—

Amos Watkins—

Audie Watkins—

David Baker had five boys in the service.

AMOS and MARY TAYLOR

Emmet Taylor—Army—21 years.

JAMES N. and SARAH ANN BOYD

World War II.

Leon Coffman—

James Edmond Coffman—Army—34 mos.—31 mos. oversea.

E. R. Henage—3 yr. National Guards.

Thomas E. Henage—3 yr. service—2 yr. oversea.

John H. Henage—18 mos. service—Engineers on submarine.

Robert Lee Ryan—Navy—18 mos. oversea.

Sgt. Joseph J. Boyd—5 yr. service—wounded in Belgian Bulge.

David Lawrence Boyd—14 mos. in service.

Cpl. Jack D. Ryan—

Sgt. Fred E. Henage—Army 9 yr.—30 mos. oversea—Croix de Guirre.

Note:—I am giving a few of the poems written by Betty Edwards  
Beaman, 810 Wilson, Oildale, Cal.

W. R. E.

IN MEMORY OF HAPPY

(Among the first poems written by Betty was the following which  
was written after her small white dog, Happy had a "running fit" and  
disappeared).

He knew and shared my every mood,  
And loved me through each one,  
In every trial test he stood.  
Unsurpassed by none.

He never disobeyed my rules,  
He always came at call,  
And every evening after school  
He met me in the hall.

He never deserted as others may do,  
To him, all my ways were wise,  
My side he was always on, I always knew,  
By the devotion which shone in his eyes.





He'll never die in my memory,  
Though long since he died in the flesh;  
For the companionship of my dog and me,  
Was my childhood happiness.

Oh, the grief that was mine when he left me alone,  
It envelopes me now like a fog,  
No matter what else is given or done,  
A child's best pal is his dog.

B. E. B.

## LIFE'S ROAD

The road of life is not all rocks,  
And valleys lie between the hills;  
The same key opens as it locks,  
And fever follows after chills.

The birds fly north as well as south,  
The sun erases evening's fears;  
The showers always end the drouth,  
And laughter dries the burning tears.

The rainbow follows after rain,  
All things shall come when due;  
To help us counteract life's pain,  
When we have such friends as you.

B. E. B.

## A TWISTED TREE

A twisted tree stands high upon the peak  
Of a lonely hill. Each day I hear it shriek  
"I stand an emblem of a sturdy heart,  
My wrinkled body proves I had a part  
Of all the ill winds blown upon my cheek;  
"And yet I stand, deep-rooted as I speak  
To you who yet may face the storm-a freek,  
And yet my strength has made this thing of Art,  
A twisted tree."

That I might daily keep my spirit meek  
And hold my soul firm in the faith I seek.  
That I could live through strife and might impart  
Courage and strength to every failing heart,  
That I might stand secure to cheer the weak;  
A twisted tree.

B. E. B.



## A ROSE FOR YOUR BOUQUET

I tended the plant with care  
And watched it night and day,  
Expecting a rose to blossom there  
To place in your bouquet.

But taken from the stem  
The fragrant petals shed,  
"Our love's most dismal requiem"  
Leaving a thorn instead.

B. E. B.

## MY STOLEN HEART

I drew a ring around my maiden heart  
And posted, "Private property, keep out"  
That heresy set me apart—  
A notice that you straightway dared to flout.

And now upon my damaged heart you've written  
"For sale, one heart in fair condition; cheap"  
You tire of love so soon; and, conscious smitten,  
My stolen heart you do not wish to keep.

B. E. B.

## LOVE FOR ONLY A SEASON

Love, that for a tender season,  
    Bloomed within my lonely heart,  
Now for some quite foolish reason  
    You suddenly depart.

O that you, in thoughtful kindness,  
    Had left my heart inanimate!  
Rather than, in caustic blindness,  
    Sublet my heart to hate.

B. E. B.

## THIS IS JOY

There is no strong desire in me to whet  
The scythe of Fortune, mowing unto me  
Vast hoardes of wealth or fame's eclat. To be  
A peaceful person living free of debt  
In love and comfort safely bound, and yet  
Not unaware of other's hungry plea  
For love and sustenance. The heart is free  
When bound to all the people we have met.





To be an humble servant of my God,  
To walk within the chosen path, and tread  
The way of truth and life, whether hill  
Or plain, in rocks and thorns or grassy sod;  
To keep in sight the cross on which He bled—  
This is my joy and task: to do his will.

B. E. B.

(Poems by W. R. Edwards)

## MY NEW YEAR'S CREED

(Jan. 1947)

The New Year is upon us, the time we make our vows,  
And to be right on time, I'll try to make mine now;  
I would like that each New Year, should be the best of all,  
And I feel sure it will, if we'll only heed duty's call.

I'll start anew this morning with a higher fairer creed,  
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's creed,  
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear  
I will waste no moments whinnying and my heart shall know no fear.

I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise,  
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumblers gaze;  
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread,  
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown,  
I will not deny his merit, but I'll try to prove my own;  
I will try to see the beauties spread before me rain or shine,  
I'll lovingly preach your duty, but be more concerned with mine.

W. R. E.

## CHRISTMAS RECOLLECTIONS

(Christmas Eve 1946)

I remember tonight as if it were then,  
As we sat around the fireplace bright  
And talked of the jolly old Santa Claus,  
Every happy Christmas eve night.

Our mother would tell us stories,  
Of that most jolly old fellow of all,  
With his round, rosy smiling face,  
As to his reindeer he would cheerfully call.

I still like to think of this pleasant old man,  
Who seems not to have grown a week older,  
And is able to be here, there, and everywhere,  
At the same time the whole world over.





He makes millions of children happy,  
Brings cheer to unfortunates and sad,  
Turns many sad children's homes,  
Into the happiest that they have had.

May the kind spirit of Christmas time,  
Continue to live in the hearts of all,  
Cheering us here at home, and our boys in camp,  
May we all believe in this old Santa Claus.

W. R. E.

## THE OLD CHURCH BELL

Dedicated to the bell placed on Mt. Pleasant church house 78 years  
after the church was organized—May 28, 1949).

Bells may toll the close of day,  
Bells may ring at Christmas time,  
Bells may ring the New Year in,  
School bells ring a welcome chime.

But may this old church bell,  
Interest us more than all,  
May we each Sunday morning,  
Heed its ringing call.

For in Mt. Pleasant church so plain,  
Worshipers for many years have come,  
To worship in their simple way,  
For strength to lead them home.

And many weary ones who came,  
Across this church threshold,  
To peace and rest long since have passed,  
Through heaven's gates of gold.

This temple of their faith they built,  
Of plain rough boards of pine,  
But temples built of brick or stone,  
Could be no holier shrine.

May this old bell call us here,  
In faith and hope and love,  
Beautiful in the sight of Him,  
Who watches from above.

And when our work is done,  
And we meet here no more,  
May the golden bells of heaven,  
Welcome all to that peaceful shore.

W. R. E.



## AFTER THE MOUNTAINTOP EXPERIENCE

(Matt. 17:1-13)

We cannot always be on the mountaintop,  
With Jesus in all his glory;  
We may not always feel like singing,  
Our Savior's wonderful story.

For in the valleys all around us,  
There may be those in deep distress:  
Those who are sick, lonely or sad,  
Whom the Savior is waiting to bless.

So when we are on the mountaintop,  
Permitted to see Jesus only;  
We may be needed in the valley below,  
To cheer the sick, the sad, and lonely.

May our faith not be so weak,  
Even less than a mustard seed;  
Like his disciples of old,  
We cannot help those in great need.

May our faith be of that kind,  
So we from the Master may hear;  
Nothing is impossible with thee,  
If ye seek it truly in prayer.

If all sin, sickness, and sorrow,  
Were removed and only happiness given;  
It would no longer be this earth,  
But it would surely be heaven.

W. R. E.

## FATHER'S DAY

(Acknowledgement sent to my family, June 20, 1948)

Sometimes I sit and ponder  
Sometimes I'm made to wonder  
Why so many special days to mention;  
But when I think of reasons  
Of all these days in season;  
Fathers' Day now has my attention.

For my family, friends, and kin,  
Remember, in kindness, to send,  
Best wishes and kind congratulations;  
My heart is made truly glad,  
Because they thought of dad,  
I'm happy beyond all expectations.





So let years come and go,  
And as I older grow,  
    My spirit will keep young and gay;  
As long as my friends so kind,  
Shall keep me in their minds,  
    And remember me on Father's Day.

I think there is no dad,  
Who ever could have had,  
    A more kind thoughtful family;  
And now I want you to know,  
I deeply appreciate it so,  
    Accept most sincere thanks from me,  
                                Your Dad.

*Patton*

2957 1















